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EMBELLISHMENT—WILSON'S PINNATED GROUSE.

PINNATED GROUSE.

FOR the drawing of the "PINNATED GROUSE," represented in this number, we are indebted, as for other valuable contributions, to Major Mason and Lieut. Holmes, of the army of the United States; at whose instance Mr. Rindisbacher had the kindness to make the sketch for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. This fine bird is represented to be very abundant on our western frontiers;

and for the table they are said to be delicious. On this point, however, we are sorry to be obliged to speak at second-hand. It is described by the amiable and indefatigable Wilson "as being nineteen inches long, twenty-seven inches in extent, and when in good order weighs about three pounds and a half: the neck is furnished with supplemental wings, each composed of eighteen feathers; five of which are black, and about three inches long; the rest shorter, also black, streaked laterally with brown, and of unequal lengths: the head is slightly crested: over the eye is an elegant semicircular comb of rich orange, which the bird has the power of raising or relaxing: under the neck wings are two loose pendulous and wrinkled skins, extending along the side of the neck for two-thirds of its length; each of which, when inflated with air, resembles in bulk, color and surface, a middle sized orange; chin cream colored; under the eye runs a dark streak of brown: whole upper parts mottled transversely with black, reddish brown and white: tail short, very much rounded, and of a plain brownish soot color: throat elegantly marked with touches of reddish brown, white and black: lower part of the breast and belly pale brown, marked transversely with white: legs covered to the toes with hairy down of a dirty drab color: feet dull yellow: toes pectinated: vent whitish: bill brownish horn color: eye reddish hazel. The female is considerably less, of a lighter color; destitute of the neck wings, the naked yellow skin on the neck, and the semicircular comb of yellow over the eye."

In an account of this bird, given by Dr. Mitchell, of New York, and published in Wilson's Ornithology, he says, that in 1790 a brace of grouse could be bought in the New York market for one dollar; but that then (1810) the price was from three to five dollars. They pair in the north in March, and breeding time continues through April and May; laying from ten to twelve eggs, of a brownish color, resembling that of the guinea hen.

An act was passed in 1791, in New York, inflicting a penalty for killing them between the 1st of April and the 5th of October. But all such enactments being against the [evil] genius of our people, they cannot be enforced; and accordingly, the few grouse that remain in New Jersey and New York, will soon be extinct. A ludicrous mistake occurred at the passing of the law above mentioned. The bill was entitled, "An act for the preservation of heath-hen, and other game." The chairman or speaker of the assembly being no sportsman, read the title, "An act for the preservation of HEATHEN and other game," which astonished the northern members, who could see no christian motive for preserving *Indians* or any other heathen.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

HER CLAIM TO DISTINCTION ON THE TURF VINDICATED.

MR. EDITOR:

Fort Gibson, June 16, 1833.

No one reads with more pleasure, or welcomes with more eagerness, the contributions of your Landsford correspondent than myself; yet I cannot admit that in his endeavors, in the May number, to establish his theory of the "racing region," he has not betrayed a bias in its favor, which it is said all theorists feel for their speculations. I confess that I should not have been tempted to address you, did I not feel a desire to vindicate the claim of my native state (South Carolina) to a higher racing fame than he appears disposed to concede to her.

If I am not mistaken, "D" is by birth a North Carolinian: and may not a patriotic desire to elevate his native state into some distinction have given birth to his theory? At least, I believe this feeling to have contributed to it, and to have had weight with him, when I observe the manner in which he treats the claims of the south.

In discussing this question it must be borne in mind, that there have been but *few* breeders of the racehorse in South Carolina and Georgia.

In the first named state, Messrs. Singleton, Hampton, Richardson and Spann, are perhaps all who possessed large and well known studs. Messrs. Alston, Washington, and others, purchased and raced Virginia horses; but I do not think they bred extensively. I am not aware that Georgia had any breeders of note.

Possessing no racing information but what I have derived from the Turf Register, I shall review the performances of the South Carolina horses sent to Virginia, and leave it to your readers to decide, whether the sportsmen of that state did not acquire "fame," though perhaps they did not obtain "money" by their nags.

To commence with the only two mentioned by "D." Bertrand's defeats in the favored region are accounted for so satisfactorily by that eminent turfite, Mr. J. J. Harrison, who is assuredly a disinterested witness, that I have only to quote his sentiments to convince every impartial person that no loss of reputation should befall this horse. He says, "Shakspeare beat Bertrand at Belfield three mile heats, and could probably beat him two or three mile heats at any time; but could not do it four mile heats. He (Bertrand) was in *wretched fix* the fall he was here; but when I met him in Georgia I found him quite *another horse*. I like him very much." To his want of condition, then, we must ascribe his defeats; and it will be seen, that at

the distance (four mile heats) which in our racing annals confers enduring renown, he is pronounced Shakspeare's superior.

To pronounce Aratus "scarcely a second rate horse," appears to me to be too depreciating to the victor over (among others) Defiance, Lady Randolph, Betsey Richards, Isabel, Janus, Phillis, Sir William (of Transport) and Saxe Weimar. I should class him among the *best* of the second rates.

Marktime is not credited with a single victory, when he won at least five races, at Halifax, Treehill and Baltimore; beating Aratus, Washington, Southern Eclipse, &c. Did not these performances acquire "fame and money?"

To these add Kosciusko and Redgauntlet: the former was beaten at Charleston by Ratler, when he was said not to be in condition. Even to my inexperienced eye he appeared too fat: he was certainly much more fleshy than his competitor. Though but a boy, I remember this race well, as it was a great betting one. So little satisfied was Col. Singleton with the result, that he sent Kosciusko to Virginia to redeem his reputation; and at Newmarket (where of course he was expected to meet the strength of Virginia) he contended for the four mile heats with Contention, Reality and Napoleon. In this race he broke down; and, if my recollection does not deceive me, Col. S., when publishing his performances, stated he was *ahead* when the accident occurred.

But you are not to infer, Mr. Editor, because the South Carolina horses did not generally travel north, that their owners believed or acknowledged their inferiority to any horses on the continent. I am not aware that any sportsman of that state ever took his horses out of the state to make a racing tour. The four named were sent to Virginia to acquire fame; but had money been much an object with these gentlemen, they would have gone south, where but little uncertainty would have attended the contests.

To form a correct estimate of the South Carolina horses, we must look to the time of the contests on their own soil and the characters of their competitors.

At Charleston, Transport beat Merino Ewe, (held the best race nag of her day, according to T. R.) Haney's Maria, (the celebrated Tennessee racer,) Littlejohn and Director.—Time, first heat, 7 m. 54 s.—second heat, 7 m. 58 s. The time made by Bertrand, in his great race, must be fresh in the minds of your readers. Lady of the Lake beat the great Polly Hopkins, as she has been termed, three mile heats.—Time, first heat, 5 m. 44½ s. Multiflora had previously beaten Polly at Columbia. Clara Fisher, *two years* old, beat Polly Jones, Yankee Maid and Sally Melville, the two mile heats, in four

heats.—Time, first heat, 3 m. 48 s.—second heat, 3 m. 52 s.—third heat, 3 m. 49 s.—fourth heat, 3 m. 49 s. She also beat Pilot and Lafayette, three mile heats; and had previously beaten Jemima Wilkinson, at Columbia, this distance. She finally beat Bonnets o' Blue one four mile heat, in her match, with an injured leg.—Time, 7 m. 47 s. Bertrand Junior beat Andrew the two mile heats, in four heats. Time, first heat, 3 m. 53 s.—second heat, 3 m. 49 s.—third heat, 3 m. 50 s.—fourth heat, 3 m. 57 s. Godolphin, Bertrand Junior and Little Venus, have each beaten Annette in fine time; and Mucklejohn has beaten Collier. Little Venus beat Trifle three mile heats.—Time, second heat, 5 m. 49 s. Godolphin recently made his first four mile heat against Bertrand Junior in 7 m. 50 s. And many other races I find it too tedious to copy.

If we look to the west, we find among her most valuable stallions, Bertrand, Pacific, Kosciusko, Crusader, Saxe Weimar, Cherokee, Sir William, (of Transport,) Sir Archy Junior, (also of Transport,) Gany-mede, Seagull: all bred and raced in South Carolina.

Now, I call upon "D" to produce a greater number of distinguished racers, bred in any *one* of the four *blessed* states, in *proportion* to the number bred there, than has been presented to the sporting world by the much décried and denounced aforesaid state of South Carolina.

Many of her famous nags I have not even named—Lottery, Sylph, Pocahontas, Maria, &c.

Crusader, in two successive years, manifested his superiority over the "campaigner Ariel;" and though his stride (twenty-five feet) equalled the renowned Eclipse's, yet he was not taken to the north. But would you conclude that Col. Singleton feared defeat with him, even in Virginia? No: the true reasons for confining the South Carolina horses to their own state are to be found in the characters, pursuits and feelings, of the gentlemen in it, and not to any inability in themselves or horses to meet *any* rivals.

33.

BASHAW.

MR. EDITOR:

New Brunswick, N. J. Jan. 19, 1831.

In a late number of the American Turf Register you request information respecting several celebrated horses imported previous to the Revolution. I have it in my power to afford you the history of the Arabian horse Bashaw, by sending you his advertisement, published June 23, 1768, in the New York Journal or General Advertiser.

I have not hesitated to take the entire sheet from a valuable old file of newspapers, that I might have the satisfaction of having recorded

in the American Turf Register a horse who is sire to a stock of brood mares which have been in my family for three generations. My father sold two mares to Mr. T*****† and Vanderveer, of Long Island. The grandam of both these mares was by Bashaw; and I presume this very horse.

One of these mares became the dam of the successful turf horse Tippoo Sultan. The other the grandam of Lance and the celebrated Ariel.

I think there is much neglect on the part of the northern states recording the pedigrees of our fine horses in your Register; and I fear that not one half of the celebrated horses imported here from England, will be mentioned in your list of those imported since the Revolution. I regret that I cannot furnish materials for a complete list. I recollect and have seen many of those imported horses which have stood in New Jersey and produced its best blood: Messenger, gr. Baronet, Saurkrout, Highlander, gr. Obscurity, (by Sir Peter Teazle,) Slender, b. (by King Herod and the dam of Highflyer,) Expedition, ch. The stock of this horse remarkable travelers, as well as fleet on the turf. Honest John, br. by Sir Peter Teazle. I say nothing of those imported recently, as I suppose you have correct accounts of them.

Yours, respectfully,

J. C. VAN DYKE.

"To cover this season,—at Stephen Van Wyck's, at Little Neck, in Flushing, on Long Island, at £3 the season, or £5 a colt,—the fine Arabian horse BASHAW. He is about fifteen hands high, and was bred by the emperor of Morocco, who sent him a present to the dey of Algiers: he gave him to the Swedish consul there, who presented him to the grand duke of Tuscany. Whilst his royal highness had him, he won in the same summer the plates at Sunna, Florence, Pistoia and Sprato; beating a famous English horse at Florence, called the Grand Diavelo, and many others of no inferior note.—Good pasture may be had for mares, at two shillings per week, at the place where he covers."

[Communications like the above are interesting as matters of history, and may often prove important in a manner and for purposes that are not obvious at first sight. They serve to account for the *character* of stocks of horses in various parts of the country; and sometimes to eke out short pedigrees of our most valuable turf horses.]

† [Our esteemed correspondent will excuse us for noting here, that we cannot decypher one letter of this name except the first; and there is no rule that we know of for guessing or inferring *names*. One may guess other words by what goes before and after; but not so with names. There ought to be a law passed to inflict a heavy penalty for writing a *name* obscurely.]

TIMOLEON AND HIS GET, &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR:

Washington, D. C. July 14, 1833.

The last number of the American Turf Register does but justice to Timoleon,—the best son of Sir Archy and the sire of Sally Walker, the best race nag of the second generation from Sir Archy, at least in her *public* trials,—now that he has arrived at a good old age, rising twenty years. Having lately seen him, (and “to see is to admire,”) I am of Panton’s opinion—“he is the best Virginia bred large horse I have seen,” and that there may be a mistake in the measurement furnished with his memoir. His head does not appear too large, nor does he seem out of proportion in any respect. Apropos of Timoleon: is it not *strange* that the pedigrees of his maternal ancestors, Driver and Fallow, have never been published in the American Turf Register? They must be thoroughbred of course, as we have the authority of our oldest sportsmen to that effect. The same may be said in regard to the absence of all pedigree beyond the dam, by imp. Diomed, of Brown’s famous Wonder, (Leonidas.) May it not be his pedigree that has been applied to Spangler’s Napoleon? They correspond in the two first crosses—“by imp. Wonder, dam by Diomed:” then follows, “grandam by Medley, out of a favorite mare of Col. Selden.” May we not yet hope to have this inquiry set at rest by Messrs. Tylers, (he was bred by the Hon. Samuel Tyler,) Seldens, Minges, Johnson, or Dr. Gustavus Brown, of Kentucky?

In the Racing Calendar of the last number it will be observed that the only Timoleon colt that started at Florence, Alab. was a winner; and at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. *three* of his get took *the three days’* purses.

The Racing Calendar also furnishes additional evidence of the value of *pure English blood*. The Bertrands and Stockholders (*imp.* Bedford and *imp.* Citizen crossed with “English bred Sir Archy”) are likewise running with signal success in the west: and at Louisville, Ken. the winners, *three days*, were all by different horses, but their dams were got by *imp.* Buzzard. One of them *also* won a match, having previously won a sweepstakes at Madison.

Your Racing Calendar is now according to date, and in other respects improved. I do not mean to be hypercritical in remarking that it is not yet perfect: for example, we do not learn the ages or dams of Anna Maria or Barbara, winners at Lynchburg—nearly the same as to Robin Hood, the “Eclipse colt,” and Monmouth, whose sire is not even given, winners at the Union Course, &c. &c. Breeders usually desire to learn the sires and dams of winners.

I agree with Panton that “the racehorse region” is the region of

the best blood, and that in that quarter the "absence of pedigree and absence of blood are not synonymous."

I agree with H. that it implies a "want of memory or invention," or that it is but a "sorry" nag, when established names are selected for untried horses. And, with yourself, I cannot too much regret that all our courses do not correspond in being an exact mile. Those of shorter distance do not merit a place in your work. I wish your Cecilton correspondent had annexed the names of courses to the time he has so elaborately given.

I regret to perceive the chronicler of "the olden time" has lain aside his pen.

OBSERVER.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF STALLIONS: INFORMATION OF EXPERIENCED PERSONS WANTED.

MR. EDITOR:

Much is said about breeding in the Register, but nothing as yet of the management of a stallion—his treatment and food at all seasons of the year, before the season commences and during the season; particularly when visited by hundreds of the softer sex: for I cannot understand how a horse can do justice to more than six in one day. I should like a practical person to write fully on this subject. Sometimes we see horses moving every third day to stands fifteen miles apart, (three stands,) frequently covering on their journey, &c. Indeed it is necessary for horses, without much reputation, to have several stands, or they would do nothing.

BLACK-AND-ALL-BLACK,

Also called OTHELLO, was bred by Lord Portmore in 1743: he was got by Crab, out of Miss Slammerkin, by Young True Blue; grandam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of a D'Arcy black legged royal mare. His performances denote him to have been one of the best horses of his time. In 1748, he won fifty guineas at Lewes and £50 at Stockbridge: in 1749, the king's plates at Salisbury, Canterbury, Lewes and Newmarket: in 1750, at the Curragh of Kildare, he won the one hundred guineas given by the Sporting Society, and fifty guineas and the king's plate at Maryborough: in 1751, he beat Lord March's Bajazet, on the Curragh, a match, four miles, one thousand guineas: in 1752, he won the sportsmen's subscription purse of fifty guineas, and the king's plate, at the Curragh, beating Lord Antrim's Gustavus. Othello returned to England, and covered in Cambridgeshire at five guineas.

[Johnson's Sportsman's Cyclopædia.]

DISSERTATION ON THE BLOODED STOCK OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 1.

MR. EDITOR:

Jamestown, N. C. July 4, 1833.

In the late numbers of the Register, I have seen, with pleasure, the close scrutiny which the blood of the various imported horses, now among us, has undergone; and although I could have wished the subject examined with candor and moderation, apart from all personality and warmth, [as every reader does,] yet if gentlemen cannot keep cool on such occasions, it may be matter of regret. But I must hope the Register will continue the organ of such investigations as may place in a proper light the just claims of all stallions offered to the patronage of the public.

Breeding, as a science, has been little attended to in our country. It has been too much the custom to breed from the stallion of some friend, or perhaps because the horse was convenient; and, in many instances, because the season was given. Many, too, who bred fine horses, were men who knew but little of the history of the blood horse—could not estimate the value of the different crosses. They had no system. Breeding was with them a mere matter of chance; and hence if they succeeded in a particular case, it did not greatly advance the general value of our blood horses, as no regular plan of breeding was the consequence of this success: temporary profit, not regular improvement, was the general consequence.

Not so in England. There science and wealth have united to promote the perfection of that animal, and the horse is bred on system and for particular purposes; and in the course of these papers, I propose to examine the effects of their plan, both on the general value of the blood horse here and there, and its adaptation to the racing of our country.

I shall notice the blood, racing character and reputation, of the various stallions that have stood in our country in my time, so far as my personal observations will enable me to estimate them, and the impression which the running of their colts has left on my recollection. I say left on my recollection, because, for the want of some such record as the 'Turf Register, most of us are forced to rely on our memories for the racing of past times.

In pursuing this subject, I shall commence with JANUS; for although his character has been fairly discussed in the Register, yet a review of his blood, form and character, should not be omitted in a treatise on the blood horse of the United States.

Janus was a small horse, of great beauty, uniting uncommon muscular development to limbs delicate and handsome. His legs and

feet were fine as those of a deer. These peculiarities he transmitted to his descendants in a most remarkable degree, for many generations. He is said, by one of your correspondents, to have been a good four mile horse. As to that I cannot speak of my own knowledge. Neither his form, nor that of his immediate descendants, would induce such a belief. None ran more than a quarter of a mile, and few could maintain their full speed even that short distance. Janus, it is true, as the grandson of the Godolphin Arabian and the Hartley mare, was of the best four mile stock in England; but his colts neither ran long distances or repeated short ones. Yet were they horses of fine constitution, long-lived, and performed well on the road. Their action, in all their paces, was short and quick.

In the second and third generations the Janus stock produced some good distance racers, and the number increased as you receded from him. Celer, (Johnson's,) by Celer, was a good racehorse at all distances. So little did any one think of training that stock for the turf, that Celer was purchased for a carriage horse. Accident discovered his powers and changed his destiny. This induced the trial of Green's mare, the dam of Little Billy. She was a good and honest race nag. These are all, I believe, that ran successfully, from Celer, at long distances; yet he was considered the best son of Janus, and for a long time a most popular stallion in a racing country, where he had many of the finest mares.

Barmecide, by Mark Antony, from a Janus mare, was a good two mile heat horse. These are all the descendants of Janus, in the second generation, that I now recollect to have been at all distinguished at long distances; and the writer was born in the county where Janus stood many years, has been always fond of horses, and been well acquainted with the stock, and believes that he has fairly portrayed the character of the stock.

In that part of the state, a distant cross of Janus blood has been always supposed to impart speed and value to the racehorse, if sufficiently distant not to impair their lastingness or bottom. Thus we find him named in the pedigrees of some of our most distinguished racers, at all distances, in the fifth and sixth generations.

In my next I shall examine, in a cursory manner, the claims of Mark Antony, Wildair, Harris' Eclipse, and them that succeed Janus as stallions in the south of Virginia, with some observations on the character of stock and the influence which they had on the value of the blood horse in that country; and shall continue the subject to the present, including the present importations, and all the native stallions, of the past and present period, worthy of a place in your Register. In doing so, I shall avoid every just cause of offence; but,

at the same time, shall do justice to all—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

These papers will not be written to gratify any little vanity to be seen in print, but merely to lay before your readers a fair and candid view of the character and qualities of all the blood stock in our country, and the result of the various crosses that have come under the personal observation of the writer; and if they shall induce a single gentleman to breed on *system*, his success will soon insure its general adoption, and the regular improvement of our horses will be the consequence: and this we shall owe to your efforts in the Register. And if my humble assistance can in any way contribute to this happy result, it will be to me a source of the highest gratification.

BARRYMORE.

RACE OF TIMOLEON AND SUWARROW.

MR. EDITOR:

Alexandria, D. C. April 28, 1833.

I am pleased that the pedigree of Chichester's Brilliant is now satisfactorily established; but I really regret it should have so long remained unknown. I remember well his sire, and saw him run a good race over the Charlestown (Jefferson county, Va.) Course, which he won, although opposed by a Bellair colt, and a good one. It was Medley against Medley again; but not so closely contested as the match I gave you an account of some time since. My friend Col. Tyler was the owner of the Bellair colt, *Suvarrow*; and Timoleon was in the hands of a man known in Virginia, in former days, as the Irish beauty,—Mr. William Johnson,—full of fun and up to a thing or two. The colonel believing his horse vastly superior to the others which were to contend with him, was in high spirits the night before the race; and was the amusement of the company—apparently at the expense of Johnson, which, by the by, he stood pretty well, as he recollected having had his fun out of the colonel before.

The colonel told Johnson that the race would only be exercise for his horse—that Timoleon would not make him straighten his neck.

"Never mind," says Johnson; "but, if it please God to let it rain, I will straighten neck and tail both before I am done with you."

The customary mode of preparing race courses in that part of Virginia, at that time, was to plough up deep, (and most likely a stubble field;) then harrow well; and, if the weather proved dry, it did tolerably well. I have often heard it said, however, that luck was all, *bait or no bait*; and faith so it was with Johnson. His petition was heard, and it rained most powerfully. You can readily imagine how the track was after it. Col. Tyler's horse rated far—at least twenty-two or three feet. Timoleon went clipping along, like

a little dipping duck in the water—pretty much up and down in the same place, about eighteen feet at a stride. When the signal for preparation was given, both stripped well, and very pretty nags, too. The Bellair was a beauty, and much the largest of the two. At the word, Timoleon took the track, determined to make play, and kept at it. When they had nearly finished the third mile, Johnson discovered the colonel's horse labored too much for comfort, in consequence of the mud—began to pay him for what he had received the night before; and, I assure you, he did pay him both principal and interest, which every body seemed to enjoy, although the colonel was a great favorite. Johnson asked him *ironically*, "if he thought he would have exercise enough; or perhaps, as he expected a harder race the next week, he had better not give his horse too much work. It will knock him off his foot, perhaps." Then again he would ask him, in the hearing of some friends, "if he had not better let out a link and straighten his neck a little." All which the colonel bore as a man should who had previously had his share of the joke, and was beaten handily, owing to the mud. Johnson was delighted, as he was not generally successful: the colonel and himself had many a bout in those days. At the close of the race there was a general peal of laughter, which was kept up pretty much throughout the day, in consequence of Johnson's humorous remarks; and towards night all separated in good humor. Wishing you as much fun at the next meeting over the Central Course,

I remain yours, respectfully, AULD LANG SYNE.

DEFENCE OF BEDFORD.

MR. EDITOR:

Alexandria, D. C. June 17, 1833.

I have intended saying (for sometime past) a word in answer to your correspondent D. I am not able to refer to the number, or even the volume, which contains the remarks to which I allude; but, if my memory serves me, he spoke of the Bedford stock in rather a contemptuous manner. I am aware that I venture much in expressing an opinion at variance with one of so much experience as your friend; but I have a hope that I shall be sustained, and fully so, by many of the friends of the turf.

It will be remembered that Bedford was imported when only four years old, without reputation as a racer, and at a time when there were many very fine imported horses, as well as American bred, in the country. He made his first season at Bowling Green, in Virginia; and among his first get was (I think) one of the best race nags I ever saw: I mean Ariadne. I saw her beat the famed Leviathan, over the Rappahannock Course, in the fall of 1801. In that race she

evidently showed both speed and lastingness. In the second season he got the celebrated Cupbearer, (in Frederick county, Va.) a horse of great speed; and it is said made the quickest race at Fredericksburg that was ever run on the same course: I think in 7 m. 52 s. and 7 m. 50 s.

Gallatin, all will acknowledge, was a very fine racehorse. Shylock was celebrated: Nancy Air was fine. And I am sure the descendants of Nancy Air, Shylock, Gallatin, and his full sister Eliza, rank among the first, at least in this country. The owner of Ariadne was unfortunate in selecting the stock to breed her from. Tom Tough, I am almost certain, was by Dragon; although some think he was by Escape. My belief is, that if he had been by Escape, he would have been a better horse. Dragon got few (if any) good for any thing. She also brought a chestnut colt by imp. Buzzard, good for nothing. Perhaps she may have brought something else; but I do not know unless it was Molineaux, by Archduke.

I might mention many more of the descendants of Bedford, which would be sufficient to give character to any horse. I shall be very much disappointed, and agreeably so, if the imported horses of the present day give us as good stock. I am much afraid we shall have mile nags in plenty, without that superior form which was characteristic with the get of Janus.

Before I conclude, I shall express an opinion, for which, with many, I shall be ridiculed; and with others, it will be little better than treason. Although I coincide with those who look upon the Medley stock as very good, I cannot bring myself to the conclusion that it is superior to all other. I would not be understood as intending to detract from Medley or his descendants; but I candidly think that the Mambrino stock is fully equal to any in America. If you will reflect a moment, I think you will agree with me. Take American Eclipse and his get, and you will find that the more Messenger blood you have the better the nag. It is so likewise with the Bedfords. His get upon the imported Mambrino mare (to wit: Ariadne, Gallatin, &c.) are at least equal to any thing going. Shark, likewise, did as much good as any horse since his day—with perhaps the exception of Diomed, who had all the fine blood previously imported to go upon: nevertheless, his stock is a good deal defective as to bone.

I see you have, in the last number of the Register, given the performances of Eagle. I have a fine engraving of him, in a very interesting and valuable little work, which I should like you to see; and if you have as much curiosity as myself in such matters, I will embrace the first safe opportunity to send it to you.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

AULD LANG SYNE.

MORE OF BEDFORD.

"Let justice be done, though the heavens fall."

MR. EDITOR:

A late number of the American Turf Register attempts to disparage Bedford, saying he never won, nor ever could win a race; and that his stock generally were worthless. The fact stated is untrue: let the opinions go for what they are worth. It is, to say the least, very singular that a horse, with no pretensions to form, should have had so many superior mares, and produced so respectable a list of superior runners.

Crusader, by Sir Archy, the most popular horse in America, and no way inferior to any now in England, out of the distinguished race mare Lottery, by imported Bedford, out of the imported Anvilina, by the famous racer Anvil, out of O'Kelly's Augusta, by Eclipse, &c.

Caroline, not mentioned in the American Turf Register, was certainly a good racer, and at the head of the Nashville turf in her day; beating the best then to be brought against her, and nothing is known of her blood on the side of the dam, except that she was out of a Wildair. Hampton's colt, also, won the three mile day at Nashville in high style. They had action and wind in an eminent degree.

"Bedford, b. c. bred by Lord Grosvenor in 1792, by Dungannon, out of Fairy, by Highflyer. Newmarket, July meeting, 1795, he beat Mr. Durand's br. c. by Saltram, 8 st. 7 lbs. each; D. I.—three hundred guineas; five to two against him. Sold to Mr. O'Connor; and at Bedford, September 2d, 8 st. 2 lbs., won £50, for three year olds; heats once round the course; beating Lord Sondis' Yeoman. Proved unsuccessful afterwards; was sold and sent to Virginia, 1796 or 7."—*Turf Register*, vol. iii. p. 419. Fairy, his dam, was a capital racer, having won a subscription of one hundred guineas, and other good prizes, at three years old; and at four years old won the gold cup at Doncaster, value one hundred guineas, four mile heats; and £50, and other prizes that year, at Malton and other courses—beating, among others, Siddons, Cowslip, Miss Tippet, Plenipo, Stargazer and Lady Teazle; and, besides Bedford, produced Littlejohn, Alexander the Great, (a popular stallion.) Capet, Tripit, Gloriana, Mable and Morgiana.—Vol. iii. p. 418.

Dungannon was a most capital racer; foaled in 1780. At three years old he won one hundred guineas; was second to Saltram for the Derby, beating Cornet and Phenomenon; beat Drone, Justice, and others, nine subscribers, at twenty guineas. Beat Buzaglo, D. I. two hundred guineas. 1785, won the Craven stakes, beating Saltram, &c.; won one hundred and forty guineas, B. C. beating Mountebank; won the king's plate, one hundred guineas, beating Punch and

Chance. 1786, beat Ulysses; beat Rockingham, B. C., five hundred guineas; won the king's purse, one hundred guineas, beating George, Quibbler, &c.; and one hundred and forty guineas, B. C., beating Oberon, &c.; won the Whip and two hundred guineas, beating Drone. Dungannon by Eclipse, out of Aspasia, by Herod—Doris, by Blank, &c.; and was a most popular and successful stallion.—P. 333.

No one will believe that Highflyer, the best of his day, and equal to any of any day, and Dungannon,* one of the best sons of Eclipse, were any detriment to the blood of Fairy Queen, the dam of Citizen. Some *wise ones*, in the American Turf Register, affect to speak lightly of the [English] Eclipse stock. Sheer ignorance or obstinate prejudice! He never was put up—never felt the tickling of the spur, nor heard the flourish of the whip, and distanced, at pleasure, the best horses of his day. And his immediate descendants, down to this day, when properly crossed, are at the height of *renown*.—Vol. ii. p. 15, and following. See also *Lawrence*, p. 216, 17.

AN AMATEUR.

[*Nashville Republican*.]

PACIFIC AND MERCURY—THEIR RACE AT NEW ORLEANS— THE PEDIGREE OF PACIFIC CALLED FOR.

MR. EDITOR:

Natchez, 1833.

I see in your present number some account of the performances of a horse named Pacific; and among his performances I notice a contest between him, Fairfield and Mercury. Mr. Davis states that he "ran in New Orleans in March, 1827"—true; and that "Mercury beat him a small distance"—not true. Mercury beat both Pacific and Fairfield with ease, and under a *heavy pull*. Pacific then was known as Napoleon by *name*—a good horse, no doubt; but why does not Mr. Davis state his pedigree?

Mercury is dead; and is believed, by those who have witnessed his performances, to have been the best of the Archy stock. If you will address L. Gustine upon the subject of Mercury's pedigree, no doubt he will furnish it; and, as Mercury has many celebrated running progeny, it may be useful to breeders of good stock.

I was an eye witness of the race at New Orleans, and believe Mercury could have distanced Pacific and Fairfield the second heat.

Yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[It would be better, in case of a contradiction of asserted facts, that the controverter should give his name, at least to the Editor. We only suggest it here as a general rule.]

* Dungannon and Pot8o's were the two best sons of Eclipse; the scales hanging so evenly between them, it is difficult to give a preference. They both trod the Beacon Course with success, and each of them produced game stock.

CONTRACT—HIS BLOOD AND FIGURE.

MR. EDITOR:

Jamestown, N. C. June 28, 1833.

I am glad to see, by the last number of the Turf Register, that the claims and pretensions of all imported horses are likely to undergo a most rigid scrutiny, and that no man will be able henceforth to pass his horse on the public for what he is not; and I trust you will ever open the pages of the Register to such discussions—always reserving to yourself the right of suppressing *improper language*.

I see Catton [Contract] named, by one of your correspondents, as a horse imported on mere speculation. I thank him for giving me so fair an excuse to call the attention of breeders to that truly high bred stallion—surely among the best, if not the best, of our late importations.

In pedigree he has no rival; at least so far as the distinguished performances of his immediate ancestors can reflect on him. His sire, Catton, was among the most distinguished and successful racers in England, beating all the most famous horses of his day; and particularly at long distances. He was a rare instance, where uncommon speed was united to untiring game. He won as many races as any horse of his day; and, as he ran mostly in Yorkshire, he must have been a good one to win. His stock have sustained the reputation of their sire; and, at the sale of the late Earl of Scarborough, the descendants of Catton commanded the highest prices.

Hamiltonian, the sire of his dam, was a horse whose performances gave him equal rank with Eclipse and Highflyer, or any horse of the past or present time. He lost but one race, and in that he bolted—the only way in which he could have lost; and he paid one forfeit from being lame. Indeed, in advertising, both in England and America, it was considered a high—nay, the highest recommendation, to say they ran close to Hamiltonian. I say nothing of the blood of either Catton or Hamiltonian. All your subscribers must know their pedigrees are without flaw or objection.

I am not able to say if Contract raced or not. He was named in some heavy sweepstakes; and, as I have not the Racing Calendar by me, cannot give you the result. He is named, in the English papers, as a fine racehorse; but I presume he was early withdrawn from the turf, as he sustained an injury, from which he is now sometimes lame.

In both blood and form he is well calculated to remedy the defects in the present fashionable stock in the United States, and restore that durability which some think is lost, or at least much lessened, in the racers of the present day.

Contract has stood only in Kentucky since his importation; and

being the property of a gentleman not connected with the turf, has had few mares calculated to give him reputation: for, on writing to a gentleman in that state to purchase me a well bred Contract filly, he answered me, that although he could buy me a fine looking filly of that stock, he could find not one *full bred*. What the breeders in the west may think I cannot tell; but well I know, if he were in reach, I should send to him.

This is no interested puff of Contract, but the opinion of one who knows not his owner and has no share in the horse, [as is known to the Editor.]

BARRYMORE.

CHARLESTON RACES.

Yesterday [February, 1803] the Jockey Club purse of \$1000 was run for over the Washington Course. For four year olds, 106 lbs.; five year olds, 120 lbs.; six year olds, 129 lbs.; aged, 133 lbs. Mares, fillies and geldings, allowed 3 lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Alston's bl. m. Maria, aged, by Shark,	-	-	1	1
Maj. McPherson's gr. g. Leviathan,* aged,	-	-	3	2
Gen. Washington's b. m. Ariadne, five years old,	-	-	4	3
Gen. McPherson's bl. f. Roxana, four years old,	-	-	2	4
Capt. Field's b. c. Bonaparte, four years old,	-	-	5	dr.
Mr. Chilsolm's ch. c. Live Oak, four years old,	-	-	-	blt.

The first heat was run in 8 m. 9 s.—the second in 8 m. 35 s.

Bets, on starting, two to one on Ariadne† against the field.

The *second day's* Jockey Club purse of \$750. For three year olds, 92 lbs.; four year olds, 106 lbs.; five year olds, 120 lbs.; six year olds, 129 lbs.; aged, 133 lbs. Three mile heats.

Col Alston's ch. c. Gallatin, three years old, by Bedford,	-	-	1	1
Mr. Singleton's m. Doricles, six years old,	-	-	2	dis.
Capt. Field's f. Belle Rattle, four years old,	-	-	-	dis.
Mr. Clifton's c. Republican, four years old,	-	-	-	dis.
Gen. Washington's Achilles, three years old,	-	-	-	dis.

Two drawn.—The first heat was run in 5 m. 57 s.; the second heat in 5 m. 53 s.

Bets, three to one on Gallatin.†

* Leviathan, so celebrated in Virginia, "was out of order." It is believed he ran afterwards with success in South Carolina.

† A letter from Col. A. to Col. T—states that Ariadne had beaten Black Maria a few weeks before, three mile heats, in three heats, carrying 8 st. 5 lbs. to 9 st. 4 lbs., owing to Maria's being too fat. Maria won the second heat in 5 m. 14 s.—the course one hundred and forty-nine yards short of a mile: [how much is it still short, and how long will it so remain?] After her Charleston races, Ariadne was sold to Mr. Hoomes, of Virginia, for \$1200.

‡ The letter referred to speaks of Gallatin as "a prodigy"—"the best racehorse in America." He had been sold (on distancing the field at Pe-

The *third day's* Jockey Club purse of \$500. For three year olds, 98 lbs.; four year olds, 112 lbs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. Daredevil,* three years old, by Daredevil,	1	1
Wm. Alston's ch. f. Nimble, three years old,	2	2
Mr. Bellinger's ch. f. Miss Tims, four years old,	3	3
Gen. Washington's b. f. Surry Doe, three years old,	4	dis.
Mr. Singleton's ch. c. Charles Fox, three years old,	dis.	

First heat was run in 4 m. 6 s.—second heat in 4 m. 2 s.

Bets equal between Daredevil, Miss Tims and Nimble. After the first heat, two to one on Daredevil against the field.

On *Saturday*, a handicap of \$600, over the Washington Course.

Col. Alston's ch. c. Gallatin, three years old, by Bedford; 92 lbs.	1	1
Gen. McPherson's bl. f. Roxana, four years old; 94 lbs.	3	2
Gen. Washington's b. m. Ariadne, five years old; 105 lbs.	2	3
Capt. Field's f. Belle Rattle, four years old; a feather,	4	4
Capt. Field's b. c. Bonaparte, four years old; 96 lbs.	dis.	
Maj. McPherson's gr. g. Leviathan, aged; 120 lbs.	dis.	

The first heat was run in 5 m. 52 s.—the second heat in 6 m. The course was *very heavy*, owing to the rain of the preceding day.

Bets, five to one on Gallatin† at starting; ten to one at the second heat.

MORE LETTERS FROM MR. RANDOLPH—*On Various Subjects.*

DEAR SIR:

London, Sept. 13, 1826.

On my return from an excursion to the continent, I find your very obliging letter and its accompaniments; for all of which please to accept my best thanks. I regret that I did not receive it while I was in Paris. It would have been a gratification to have seen your son, and to you also to see one who had seen him. Will you deem me officious or impertinent for saying that, in my poor opinion, every citizen of the United States ought to be educated at home? *and if a southern man, not out of a slave holding state?*

My late travels have been through Holland, Belgium, and a part of France. I had before seen Flanders and Brabant, with some other of the Flemish Netherlands. My tour was by Rotterdam—The

tersburg, in Virginia, two mile heats, in 3 m. 47 s.) by Col. Tayloe to Col. Alston for \$4000. At the time Maria was beaten he distanced Roxana in the second heat, carrying 7 st. (98 lbs.) two mile heats. Time, first heat, 3 m. 30 s.—second heat, 3 m. 26 s.

* Another of the many examples of the execrable nomenclature of the South Carolina turf.

† We should be glad to have a memoir of the celebrated Gallatin. Besides his fame on the turf, he was sire of a distinguished progeny—of Topgallant, (the sire of Monsieur Tonson's dam,) of Marktime, Lafayette, and others.

Hague—Scheveling—Leyden—Haerlem—Amsterdam, [Sardam and Brock,]—Utrecht, by the Veght—Nymeguen—Grave—Bois le Duc—Hasselt—Maastricht, (where I was in 1824,)—Liege—Spa—Liege—Namur—Dinant—Givet, where I entered France; Mezieres—Rheims Soissons—Paris—Rouen—Dieppe—Brighton. I have left a country of plenty, and returned to one of (almost) famine—certainly of great misery; and that misery as plainly to be traced to the *system* which we are imitating, as the wretchedness of the drunkard to his bottle.

I am glad to find that M. Anthony and Rinaldo met the public approbation at your fair. I am not at all surprised at the preference given to the former. He is much the most *showy* horse: but let a judge look at them both from the girth back, and he will say that there is no comparison between them.

My eyes and hands both failing, I must conclude with assurances of my best thanks for your many obliging attentions, &c.

J. R. OF ROANOKE.

To JOHN S. SKINNER, Esq. *Baltimore.*

DEAR SIR:

Dowson's, No. 3, April 9, 1828.

* * * * *

I am sorry that I did not see your veteran hunter and roadster when here. If you come again before I leave this place, as I hope you may, (and why not, my good sir?—why not?) I must ask an introduction to your four footed friend.—Apropos to four footed friends: in some of my cynical moments, when I have been just freshly *bled*, and betrayed by some *soi disant* “friend,” I have said, “if a man will have friends that will not run away from him in distress, let them have four feet.” I wish you could see two of these friends, to whom I am indebted to your kindness. The setter dog, now no longer dreading a blow in every elevation of the hand, is restored to perfect confidence, in *me* at least. The little pup, whom I had at first named *Dash*, is the most lively, amusing, and insolent little wretch that you ever beheld. I feed and unchain them; reserving to myself, in character of sovereign, the gracious prerogative of mercy and bounty, and leaving to man John, who represents the faithful commons, (query, congress?) the invidious task of imposing restraints and withholding supplies. It is wonderful how easy it is to change a dog’s name; and why wonderful, when so many old sedition law federalists are *now* our best republicans—so they say. Be that as it may: Damon, the yellow setter, has lost his lackadaisical, pastoral cognomen; and little Dash has shed his name also. Although his black be tinged, to say the least, with white—they are now, Ebony and Topaz, at your service. Jestng apart, you know not how much

you have contributed to beguile my confinement by these pets. Pray don't print *their* names in the Farmer.

And now, ungrateful that I am to your nameless friend! He does me too much honor. I send you what he requests; for I have too much self-love, as well as respect for him, to wish him to judge me by so wretched a version as the supplement of the N. Y. E. Post, which was printed at Albany. The differences between it (and all other newspaper versions) and the pamphlet now sent are very numerous, besides the additional matter.

I *do* remember well our conversation about a certain great man, who has gone out of his way to do himself a mischief. I have *now* the clue to that matter.

I would gladly write a pedigree [*con amore*] for Rinaldo; but I cannot emblazon his arms in full, without access to my records at home. What I want *here* is the detailed pedigree of *Silvertail*, the sire of *Duette*, his grandam. I have it at home. He was got by Clockfast, (son of Lord Grosvenor's famous Gimcrack, sire of Medley,) out of Miss Ingram.—See Stud Book.

On his dam's side, *Silvertail* was descended from the best stock of your old Maryland horses, viz: Hamilton's Figure, &c. &c.—at home you shall have it. Nothing can be better. *Silvertail* was closely connected also with that celebrated race of horses—Dance's Lady Bolingbroke, Lady Chesterfield, Sting, Desdemona, &c. &c.

Now for the rest:

Rinaldo, foaled in 1821, was got by Sir Archy. His dam *Miss Ryland*, (a perfect model of the Janus horse,) by Gracchus. His grandam *Duette*, by *Silvertail*, as above; great grandam by Celer, (best son of Janus;) great great grandam by Mark Antony, (the best four mile horse of his day, a favorite stallion, and best son of Partner;) *great, great, great*, grandam by old Jolly Roger, out of a Silvereye mare. Silvereye was imported by, and the property of, — Duval, Esq.—a horse noted for the great spirit and fire of his stock.

Although I have many advertisements of Silvereye, not one names his pedigree. At that day, his being *imported* was enough. England was then "*home*."

[For Rinaldo's pedigree, afterwards given in form, see last number.]

The dam, grandam, great grandam, were noted for speed, hardihood and swiftness—compact—shaped to fat, with plenty of bone. The Mark Antony parent mare was an animal of inexhaustible courage and stoutness: the Celer a capital racer, and of action unrivalled.—In 1795, when we weighed our money, and had tables for English and Portuguese gold in one column and French and Spanish in another, I gave a very fine young mare for the Celer mare, (and

Duette, nine days old, at her foot,) with £50 cash (not rags) to boot. Duette was a twin. The colt foal died the — after it was dropped: hence her name. The proprietor of the Celer mare was in very narrow circumstances. I could then buy a capital pair of well matched geldings for \$200. £50=\$166.66. The Celer mare was not young: Duette was her fourth produce.

And now, my good sir, God willing, I post on Tuesday morning next. I wish I could get another *czarina* for Topaz. I would keep up the breed.

Your obliged,

J. R. of R.

To J. S. SKINNER, Esq. *American Farmer*.

DEAR SIR:

Tuesday night, April 15, 1828.

* * * * *

Don't indulge in gloomy anticipations. Ten years ago, this spring, my life was not worth one month's purchase. From Friday to Monday last [the last day inclusive, until meridian] my life was hardly worth twelve hours' purchase. Yet to-day you see me among the yeas and nays, and to-morrow may see me among the speakers.

The enemies of the tariff forced the previous question; (not by my vote.) They are caught in their own trap—not the first time; and I am not sorry for them. The bill is ordered to be engrossed, to be read a third time to-morrow—108 to 91. If able to stand up by the help of crutches, I shall speak against it. Come and see me. I have a not very old mare at your service, "with *more* than one egg in her belly"—at your service. I say again, come and see me. I shall be glad to see *you*; but not your companion, be he who he may, unless your son.

* * * * *

I always invite my own company, and I invite you with hearty good will. A stage leaves Fredericksburg for my gate twice a week; (your postbills will show;) Wednesdays and Saturdays, and arrives Fridays and Mondays—reaching Roanoke to a late dinner on the third day from Fredericksburg. In the mail from Baltimore, leaving Tuesday morning, you can be at my house on Friday; and leaving Friday morning, on Monday. A line beforehand, apprizing me of your departure, will insure. But I am dead: I lay from Friday night until Monday morning nearly a corpse.

Yours, truly,

J. R. of R.

Pray republish in the *Farmer* an obituary notice, from the *Intelligencer* and *Telegraph*, of Mrs. Frances Tabb. It is mine.

[It being probable that many of Mr. Randolph's horses will be sold, the following is published to show his estimate of some of them, and by way of information to the public.]

Many thanks, my good sir, for your kind letter, and for Mr. Pome-

roy's information respecting Ranger—better known to us in Virginia as Lindsey's Arabian, although known by that of Ranger also.

I have him on my book; but the particulars of his coming into Gen. H. Lee's hands I did not know.

Rinaldo is a much superior horse, in my judgment, to M. A. He is perhaps a *thought* lower, as the Waverley man would say. I am by no means sure that such is the fact; but he is a horse of as great power and strength, from the shoulders or neck, rather back, as I ever saw—equal to Roanoke or to his sire; but finer, because he has not the faults in Archy's symmetry.

His neck, as well as Janus', has been injured by a dolt of the overseer riding a mare and letting them smell at her, when I had put an inclosure around their paddocks to keep off this very mischief, and told him so; but he "never thought," &c.

Rinaldo is a fine bay—better legs and feet no horse ever stood upon; and many who have seen him (good judges, too) prefer him from the girth back, even to Roanoke. Nothing can surpass him and Janus in their coupling and quarters. Janus is I think, if any thing, a very little lower than Rinaldo; but both are high enough for any purpose that horse was ever put to. *You* know that the Suffolk *punches* (or sorrels) are generally not more than $15\frac{1}{4}$ hands: the best of them I mean.

I would not hesitate to bet ten to one that both of them were over $15\frac{1}{4}$ hands.

Ravenswood is not so high: he is, however, higher than his sire Sir Harry, or his sons Sir Alfred and Sir Hal. He is not less than fifteen—full fifteen hands. This was more by one inch than old Trumpator, and all those wonderful sons of his, Spoliator, Aimator, &c. &c.

Ravenswood is a dark brown, nearly black—quite so when newly shed, except about the flanks. His color so much of the wild turkey or raven, that to it he owes his name.

Black Warrior cost me £100, at one year old, in 1820. He is, if you will trace him through Washington, sire of Philadelphia, his dam, and through Merryfield, his sire, son of Cockfighter—as well bred a horse as lives. Both his parents were imported; but he is rather slight for a stallion—high enough, and as stout as Rob Roy. He has never been broke or covered, and has been kept thin for the last two years.

Pray let me hear from you.

Respectfully, your obliged,

J. R. of R.

J. S. SKINNER, Esq.

THE FARMER.

MR. EDITOR:

Farnham Church, Va. May 1, 1833.

One of our teachers being asked by a countryman to write him an advertisement for his stallion, nailed up the one annexed on the following day.

I am yours, &c.

A HORSEMAN.

This stallion of a sterling race, just five years old in May,
 Will stand this season at this place, on every seventh day;
 And since the days of Noah's flood no horse has stood so cheap:
 I ask you, notwithstanding *blood*, nine shillings for a leap.
 Upon these terms, ('tis not then strange the price should be diminish'd,
 That you "plank down" the ready change soon as the game is finish'd,)
 Though scarce enough to pay expense, and quite too low, says reason,
 I ask two dollars fifty cents, if paid within the season.
 But mark, unless that sum be paid before the season's ended,
 The charge will in that case be made, with one leap's fee appended.
 Dear me! those rates are quite too low, almost beyond endurance:
 No one could ask it less, I'm sure, than seven for insurance.
 And less than this I will not say—to fall I've left no room;
 For in no case have you to pay a penny to the groom.
 'Tis quite the fashion now, you know, to prate of pedigrees,
 And have certificates to show how *sure* your stallion is.
 These things may doubts remove; (I have no doubt they are true;)
 But if the pudding you would prove, take up the bag and chew.
 And if you try him, I'll insure that you will never rue it:
 He has (and, pray, what horse has more?) the *very tools* to do it.

BETTING ON THE TURF.

The jurisprudence of the turf requires revision; that *one* code be established for general regulation, at least on all cardinal points. In some respects the English rules are understood to govern; and, for one, I cannot perceive the propriety of a departure from them in any instance.

"According to my understanding," a horse that wins one of the heats ought to be placed before one that wins none, though the latter may precede him in the subsequent heats. For example, lately at Newmarket, Va. Flying Dutchman won the first heat—came in second, the next, to Dolly Dixon—and third the next and last heat, in which he was beaten by Row Galley. According to the Virginia rules, Row Galley beat him, but by the English it would have been otherwise; and I conceive correctly: for had the race been between them, there can be no doubt Flying Dutchman would have won. At Fairfield there was heavy betting between Tychicus and Pizarro: the former won the first heat in capital style—the latter dropping within the distance. Z A took the second heat, neither of the favorites con-

tending for it: they came in together. Tychicus threw away the third, and the bets were decided in his favor, because Pizarro was "ruled out" on its being won by Goliah. But *suppose* Goliah had taken the second heat also, and Pizarro had run second the third, after dropping within his distance merely the two first heats—would it not have appeared an *unreasonable* decision, that by happening to run second, under such circumstances, in the last heat, he should have won the bets from Tychicus, who had so distinguished himself the first? If a horse, able to win the heat, should throw it away, it ought to be at his own peril. That Z A, because he started for the fourth heat, in which he was distanced, should win bets from Pizarro, is very just; for if able to beat him the second heat, he ought to have done so. The bets are on results, not on probabilities.

On another occasion it was betted that A B (we will call her) would be distanced in the race. There were four heats. She won neither, and barely saved her distance the third heat. She was "*ruled out*," and could not start the fourth heat. There was no rule at the course to apply to a case likely to happen at every racing meeting. I ask of you, Mr. Editor, to accompany this with the publication of the prevailing usage. I would not wish to prejudge the case by referring to the old axiom, "a drawn horse is a distanced horse." Otherwise, were it inevitable that A B would be distanced in the fourth heat, as was thought, she might have been drawn, even had she won a heat; and thus have cancelled, if not won, the bet.

Does the voluntary act of drawing her,* or being obliged to do so *by rule*, at all alter the case? I should say not; but ask for information, as this is a rule that ought to be settled.

Is a horse distanced whose head reaches the distance at the same moment that his adversary's reaches the winning post?

If in a second heat won by C, who, having won the first, wins the race, B was obviously the contending nag, leaving A far behind, but on finding the contest unavailing, draws up near the winning stand, and A slips by B, and comes in second, does not A win all bets between him and B? It would be immaterial which of them were second the first heat.

In the race called "*best three in five*," are not all the horses allowed to start during five heats, or more, if any be dead heats—the winner being only required to win three heats? There have been conflicting decisions on this head.

Q.

* Z A was distanced in the fourth heat, in the first mile of it, at Fairfield. Yet he beat Pizarro, who ran an excellent third heat, when Z A merely saved his distance. The question is, whether Z A would have saved his bets on the distance by being drawn after the third heat, which would have decided the bets between him and Pizarro in favor of the latter.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

[Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine at the Editor's particular solicitation]

There are more than twenty kinds of wild ducks that frequent the Susquehanna and Chesapeake, differing in size, color of plumage and flavor; at the head of which the canvass-back is placed by universal consent. The following is a list of some of them, placed in an order of excellence:—first, the canvass-back, (two varieties,) red head, bald pate, black head, (three varieties,) blue wing, mallard, black duck, summer duck, teal, bull head, grey duck, widgeon, spoon-bill, sprig tail, dipper, coote, water witch, hairy crown, fisherman, south southerly, and perhaps others not recollected; besides swans, geese, brant, &c. &c.

Few epicures can distinguish the flesh of the canvass-back from that of the red head, and some other ducks, by tasting. The small number of those who can taste any difference give the canvass-back the preference; whilst the much larger number who cannot, are not competent to decide: therefore the canvass-back has it. *De gustibus non disputandum*; but many persons, particularly foreigners, who have been loudest in praising the delicacy and flavor of the canvass-back have never tasted it, having been delighted with the flesh of other ducks imposed upon them for the canvass-back. Yankee landlords frequently practise this trick, when they receive John Bull on his travels.

A pair of fat canvass-backs, male and female, weigh from six to seven pounds. This duck has been accurately described by Mr. Wilson, and other ornithologists, except that they have omitted to mention that there are two varieties. One has a shorter neck than the other, and its breast (unlike the other's) is of a dark red color.

With few exceptions, all the wild ducks live on the same food, which is the roots of a grass that grows in the mud, at the bottom of the water. The root of this grass is three inches long, and terminates in a bulb, white like celery. This grass grows on the shoals in the Susquehanna, and most other rivers that empty into the Chesapeake, in four, six, and ten feet water; but never where the tide leaves the bottom dry. The blade is six feet long and half an inch wide, like a narrow ribbon. It grows so thick all over the flats, that it is with difficulty a flat-bottomed boat can be pushed through it when the tide is out; and when the ducks tear it up by the roots, the tops float ashore in large patches, where it is rolled up in windrows by the serf.

It is a common error that some ducks depend upon others to dive for their food, and take it from them when they come to the top of

the water. Nature provides every duck with the means of procuring its own subsistence. The canvass-back, and most other ducks, dive for the roots of grass, frequently in ten feet water; and generally swallow it before they come to the surface. The bald pate does not dive for its food; but feeds in shoal water, by running its head under, leaving its body out like the swan and goose. When the tide is over the marshes, so that the bald pate cannot touch bottom, it goes where other ducks are diving, and picks up such pieces of grass roots as they cast away. It is curious that this duck does not dive for its food, because, when it is wounded, it proves the most expert and persevering diver of any other. It has never been known to *tole*, either to dog or flag. When the other ducks, in the same flock, are swimming in to see the dog, the bald pate always keeps his distance, without exhibiting the slightest curiosity. The head of this duck is not actually bald; but it has a stripe of white feathers running from its bill towards the top of its head, from which it is presumed to derive its name. The rest of the drake's head is covered with shining green plumage, terminating in a tuft on the top.

The wild ducks arrive in the Susquehanna about the first of October, and remain somewhere in the Chesapeake until the middle of March. They do not all arrive nor depart at the same time. The different species come and go, some earlier and others later. The blue wing comes about the middle of September, and the black head does not leave here until the middle of April. Each kind comes and goes in distinct flocks, at different periods. Ducks of a different species never associate. They are compelled frequently to meet on the same feeding grounds, but they never roost together; nor fly in the same flock when they are scared up together from the feeding grounds. Each kind separates into distinct flocks, and goes different ways. Before they leave here in the spring, they prepare themselves for a long flight by filling their craws with gravel, which they pick up on the shores. At this time they are lean and eat snails, which gives their flesh a rancid taste. They come in the fall from Canada, where they hatch during the summer; and when the pools and rivers freeze up there, they come here in quest of food. Mr. Wilson says, that he has no certain accounts of the canvass-back south of James river, Va. I have seen large flocks of them on the lakes in west Louisiana; and they are frequently sold in the New Orleans market of excellent flavor. They breed in great abundance, with other ducks, on the sea marshes and small islands that are not habitable, along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Large patches of ground are taken up with their nests, which are laid out with great regularity, about four feet apart. Many persons visit their breeding grounds in boats, and return

with bushels of their eggs. It is not probable that any of these ducks come to the Chesapeake, because their feeding places, in their native region, are never frozen. It has been conjectured that several varieties of ducks have been produced by crosses betwixt different kinds; but this theory is not supported by any known facts or good reasoning. The varieties of ducks were no doubt created originally distinct, like the varieties of the human species; and man is the only animal in creation (when left in its natural state) that does not always breed to one of its own variety. The order and beauty of nature would be destroyed except for this undeviating instinct.

When the ducks first arrive from the north, they light in the bay below Havre de Grace, on the Penny shoals, covering the water by acres. They are lean; but being voracious, and having abundance of their favorite grass to feed upon, in about two weeks they become fat. When they are disturbed upon these shoals by boats, they rise from the water in flocks that darken the air; and the noise of their wings can be heard five miles or more on the water, resembling distant thunder. As soon as the mornings become cold and frosty, and the waters rough in the bay, they come into the creeks and along the shores of the Susquehanna, and other rivers of the Chesapeake, to feed. Then the shooting begins.

A detail of all the various stratagems practised to kill ducks would be tedious. We will therefore give a short account of some of them.

Toling begins when the ducks first approach the shores, in the early part of the season, and is practised in this manner:—An active dog that is trained to run after stones is started from behind a blind, by throwing for him on the shore, near the edge of the water, whilst the gunner lays concealed. The dog should be kept constantly in rapid motion, and all the time in sight of the ducks—bounding over the rocks and flourishing his bushy tail; but he must not bark, for that would frighten them. As soon as the ducks see the dog playing on the shore, they stretch out their necks in amazement; and, by a sort of unconscious movement, swim towards him with a vacant stare, as if they were spell-bound. This sport is very liable to interruption: if they see a boat or a man, or another dog, or any living thing besides the toler, they will swim or fly away. They must see but the one attracting object: as soon as their attention is divided the charm is broken, and they become sensible of their danger. If two dogs be started to tole together, the ducks will fly. They will frequently come to a colored handkerchief, or flag, waved on the end of a pole; but the dog must not be in sight when the flag is shown, or he will destroy the effect of it. The young ducks that never saw a dog before are more easily toled, and the old ones in the same flock

follow them. Sometimes a dozen or less leave a large flock and swim in; but frequently the whole flock, consisting of many hundreds. Indeed all that are near enough to have a fair view of the dog, come driving ahead in a tumultuous manner; those on the outside flying and lighting before these nearest, and striving to get ashore first. The flock is kept in an uproar by the successive flights of those alternately thrown in the rear, until all get near enough to take a fair view of the fatal show. This, however, is not the usual manner of toling. I have several times seen them come in this style, but they generally swim in without flying. It is a critical juncture when the ducks are coming: the gunner is uneasy, lest his dog should prove intractable and spoil the shot. The toler [dog] pays no attention to the ducks when he is first started, because they are then four or five hundred yards off; but as they approach nearer he begins to care less and less about the stones that are thrown for him, occasionally whining and casting longing looks at the ducks. It now requires all the art and authority of the master (who must not speak loud, nor show himself, but direct his dog by waving his hand) to keep him in the line of his duty, which cannot always be done; for instinct frequently overcomes the best training. It frequently happens that the dog refuses to run, after the ducks come within sixty or eighty yards of him; but stops to look at them. There he stands; or, if spoken to sharply, sits down on his tail—lifting his fore feet and whining with anxiety, as he looks first at the ducks and then at the gunner, expecting him to fire. The impatience of the dog often compels the gunners to fire before the ducks are near enough, and kill two or three, when they might have slaughtered them by dozens, if the dog had continued playing. The dogs that are trained to tole should never be suffered to bring the dead ducks out of the water: they will seldom play long enough after they have mouthed the ducks and licked their blood. As a dog can never be taught to know that the ducks are attracted by his playing, he cannot always be made to continue it after the ducks come near enough to engage his attention. There are generally two or more gunners in the same blind; and when no accident happens, and the dog runs as he ought to do, the ducks are brought within a few yards of the shore, and the dog is manœuvred so as to huddle them together. No one moves until he that plays the dog throws his last stone, and tells the others to get ready: he gives ample time to take aim, and pronounces the word fire. Then every gun pours a shower of shot on that part of the flock opposite to it. A scene of confusion ensues: the routed ducks rise up, beating the water with their wings: rows of ducks, opposite the battery, are stretched upon their backs, dying the waves with

their blood; whilst the cripples are flapping and diving about in every direction. Before the shooters have time to get upon their feet, the water dogs having rushed out of the blind, some of them are bringing the dead ducks ashore, and others plunging about in pursuit of the wounded. Great numbers are killed by this stratagem. I have seen as many as forty-two canvass-backs and red heads killed by three simultaneous discharges, besides fifteen wounded, that were picked up by boats. I knew a party of three gunners to kill seventy-six ducks, at three shots a piece, one morning; and the next, ninety-five at four shots. I have heard of larger numbers being killed, but never saw it. I have seen the same flock of ducks toled three times in the same day, and shot at each time; but this does not often occur. They get very shy after they have been decoyed a few times, and will fly at the sight of a dog. The canvass-back, red head and black head, are easily toled; but there are several kinds of ducks that never have been known to tole. The best time of the day is from sunrise till nine o'clock in the morning; but I have seen them toled every hour in the day; and they will come to a white dog or flag by moonlight.

The gunner that pursues ducks by moonlight has a small skiff, built for the purpose, so light that he can lift out of the water and haul it across the marshes and bars. He rows it with a paddle in each hand, sitting with his back to the bow. If the water is calm, he loads it with stone, which, with his own weight, sinks it within a few inches of the surface. When he discovers a flock of ducks feeding, he lays down in the bottom of the boat and sculls it forward slowly, with one hand extended behind him—keeping his boat, when practicable, in the shadow of some projecting bank or wood, until he gets within shooting distance. Then he raises his head to take aim, and generally makes great slaughter. It is not unusual for fifteen or twenty ducks to be picked up after the discharge of a single barrel, besides a great many cripples that make their escape by diving and putting up nothing but their bills above the moonlit surface for air. Some of these boats are armed with a swivel gun, carrying a quarter of a pound of powder and one pound of shot. This plan of pursuing ducks in boats alarms them more than any other, and will probably drive them away from the Susquehanna, if continued a few years longer. Last winter they left the Susquehanna and the Penny shoals about the middle of December, and did not return again during the winter, nor the ensuing spring. They went farther down the bay, where the water is too rough for small boats to follow them. When they first arrive from the north they will permit a boat, in the day time, to approach within a few yards of them, if the gunner be con-

cealed behind bushes, stuck up along the sides of it; and many are killed in this way. But after they have been shot at a few times, there is no chance of getting near them. When the nights are dark they sleep in flocks, with their heads under their wings, having sentinels placed around on the lookout; but, notwithstanding this precaution, the gunners have manœuvred their boats with so much silence and skill, as to get into the middle of the flock and strike the ducks with their paddles before they awoke. A few shots fired at them when they are sleeping will drive them from the neighborhood.—Nothing frightens them so much as surprising them at roost.

When they are not chased away by boats, they feed along the shores and in the creeks, near enough to be shot in the day time; and also at night, when the moon shines. The gunner is obliged to crawl frequently several hundred yards, dragging his gun by his side, keeping a bush or bank betwixt him and the ducks, to get a shot at them; or lay in wait, sometimes for hours, behind a blind, until they feed in near enough. As they never all dive at the same time,—about half the flock being above the surface, whilst the rest are below,—it is no easy matter to steal upon them undiscovered. Shooting them from the shore does not drive them from the neighborhood like following them in boats. I have seen as many as twelve and fifteen killed by one discharge, when they were feeding near the shore.

When the ducks are not driven away, they roost every night, during the dark of the moon, on the Penny shoals; and fly into the rivers and creeks every morning, from daybreak until ten o'clock, to feed, and return again in the afternoon, from all quarters, to sleep on the shoals, a mile or more from the land. It is this flying to and from their feeding grounds that makes the shooting on the wing at the different points.

A dozen or more gunners (who are first rate shots) go out in their skiffs from Havre de Grace every morning and afternoon, and station themselves in a line, one in each boat, betwixt Watson's island and the town, to shoot at the ducks as they fly to and from their feeding grounds, betwixt the island and Port Deposit. This floating battery makes a fine display when viewed from the town or the opposite shore. When a flock or single duck is seen by one of the shooters, the words "Mark, coming up" (or "down") are sounded from one to another along the line, and all squat low in their boats: first the red flash is seen, with a volume of smoke; and then the duck down toppling from the air, with a loud plunge into the water; and after that comes the report, repeated by forty echoes. This scene is acted every few minutes, for hours together. The ducks fly very high here, and generally singly. or in small bunches; and it requires guns of the

largest size, and a shooter accustomed to the management of a boat, to kill them. These boats are too small to carry more than one person, and will upset if a gun be awkwardly fired out of them. The gunner stands up to load his piece, and sometimes sits down, or lies flat on his back to fire.

The points at the mouths of almost all the rivers and creeks that empty into the Chesapeake make shooting at times. When the wind blows hard on, it sets the ducks nearer these points than they intended flying, and gives the shooter a chance of killing them. Various stratagems are practised to bring the ducks within shooting distance; such as flying kites, stationing boats, &c.; but they seldom answer.

Spesutia island is divided from the main land by a narrow stream, about three miles in length, called the Narrows, which is the best place for shooting ducks on the wing at the head of the bay. The shooters repair to the lower mouth of the Narrows before day dawns, and station themselves, at convenient distances apart, in the marsh amongst the reeds, on both sides of the pass. As soon as day dawns the ducks commence flying through the narrows, to get to their feeding grounds, and thereby avoid going several miles round the island: they often continue passing until noon. Every duck that goes through low enough may be said to run the gauntlet; there being sometimes a dozen sharpshooters on both sides of him. Each shooter has one or more water dogs, that crouch on the ground until he puts up his gun to fire, keeping their eyes fixed on the ducks; and the instant one gives way in the air, they plunge in before it strikes the water. If the ducks are fat and have far to fall, they split the skin on their breasts, burying themselves beneath the water or bounding up several feet from the surface. Some of these dogs will remain in the water half an hour or more in very cold weather, pursuing a wounded duck; and will seldom abandon the chase whilst there is the least chance of success, unless they are called in. Mr. Veazy, who lived on *Spesutia island*, informed me that he usually killed fifteen or twenty ducks, and sometimes more, before breakfast. One morning he killed eighteen canvass-backs, besides four other ducks, in half an hour. He and five other shooters killed seventy-two canvass-backs on the wing, besides others not counted, betwixt daylight and nine o'clock, A. M. Mr. Hall, the liberal proprietor of the island, permits any gentleman to gun there that chooses.

There are some points on Elk river where ducks are killed on the wing. Ordinary Point, on Sassafrass river—Abbey island, at the mouth of Back river—Ricketts' Point, at the end of Gunpowder neck, are excellent gunning grounds. Mr. Ricketts furnishes entertainment for gunners at the moderate price of one dollar a day, with the privilege

of shooting on his grounds. He formerly did it gratis, but found this too expensive.

Carroll's island, at the mouth of the Gunpowder river, opposite Ricketts' Point, is the best place to kill ducks in the state of Maryland, not excepting Miller's island. It is at present rented by a club, by the rules of which no member is permitted to invite his best friend to shoot with him. Such a rule as this does not exist any where else in the state. The very hospitable proprietors of the shores in Maryland never refuse strangers the privilege of shooting; and one of the members even of the Carroll's Island Club would not be turned away. The Havre de Grace sharp shooters have it in contemplation, next fall, to rent some convenient place near this island, and range their floating battery every morning, in a line with the bar that connects the island with the main land.

When the rivers are frozen, the ducks fly up and down the shores, looking for holes in the ice. If there are none, they go down the bay where the water is open. If they find a hole, they crowd into it thick as they can sit. Holes are sometimes cut in the ice; and if they could be kept open, almost any number of ducks could be killed. If a number of stones or chinks of wood, (such as are found on the shore,) be thrown out on the ice, the ducks that are flying at a great distance, on the lookout for holes, will mistake them for ducks feeding, and fly to them or near enough to be shot. These stones, when viewed separately, bear a very faint resemblance to ducks; yet the *tout ensemble*, when seen from a distance, has very much the appearance of a flock. Ducks carved of wood and painted would answer the purpose much better. I have often seen flocks of ducks light down on the ice amongst the stones before they discovered their mistake.

When the ice breaks up and comes floating down in large masses, the gunners go out in their boats, dressed in a suit of white linen; and their boats being of the same color, look like cakes of ice. The ducks will suffer them to come within shooting distance, if they float with the current; but if they attempt to work up against it, the ducks will fly; for they know that ice never runs against the current. This sport is procured by labor and exposure, but often rewards the gunner.

The art of killing ducks is not to be acquired without an apprenticeship; and unless the person who undertakes it has a passion for it, he is not likely ever to become expert or successful. Any one may kill ducks sitting, in a flock, if they are near; but the greatest difficulty is in learning how to practise the stratagems necessary to get near enough. The gunner should know how to tole, to manœuvre a skiff, and to shoot single ducks on the wing. He should be an accu-

rate judge of distances, both on the water and in the air: he must have a strong eye and a steady hand; and never liable to be thrown off his guard by surprise or excitement. He should be bold, patient, experienced and hardy. He must rise before dawn in the coldest weather, or be exposed during the night, in his skiff, amongst drifting ice; and often stand half leg deep in the marsh for hours, to "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm." The ducks fly nearer the points in a storm of sleet or snow.

A great deal has been said about killing on the wing by shooting ahead of the bird; but the best shots, of whom I have inquired, all inform me that they never aim ahead of a duck passing them, but directly at its head or neck, keeping their guns moving with it when they pull the trigger: and they all say that ducks cannot be killed with certainty in any other manner.

The dipper is seldom killed, either flying or sitting. This duck flies like an arrow, generally about a foot from the surface; and dives from the air into the water at the flash, quick enough to avoid the shot. I walked up near some twenty dippers feeding: the other ducks that were with them flew, but they remained within twenty-five yards of me. They stopped diving and fixed their eyes on me without moving. Knowing that they were not so easily killed on the water, I hallooed, to make them fly from me, intending to shoot after them; but they refused to rise, and sat all in readiness. I put up my gun several times to deceive them, and took it down again, without firing. At length, when I thought they were off their guard, I fired my percussion gun at them. The shot made the water boil where they had been sitting close together; but every one of them dove after they saw the blaze at the muzzle, and before the shot reached them; and, coming up one at a time, flew away. S. H.

CINCINNATI SHOOTING CLUB.

MR. EDITOR:

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 29, 1833.

This club was organized on the 28th of June, 1831. It can boast of many experienced and skillful members, who would rank among the "best shots" in any country.

The first Thursday in November is fixed for their anniversary dinner; and on the day previous the members turn out, on sides, under the president and vice president, for a grand hunt, to furnish game for the dinner. On the first Thursday in April they have also a game supper, from game killed the day before, under the same regulations. These vernal and autumnal hunts, whilst they create among the members a laudable ambition to excell, also afford to their friends a

pleasant and convincing proof of their prowess in the "detonating sport;" for each member has the privilege of inviting a friend to partake of the game. The club is composed of twenty-five members. At the first fall hunt but fourteen turned out: the game killed was quail, snipe, woodcock, ducks, teal and rabbits; and numbered two hundred and thirty-three.

The spring following only eleven members turned out; yet they reported, game three hundred and thirty-three—ducks, teal, snipe, curlew, plover, &c.

The last autumnal hunt was in some measure interrupted by the cholera; yet the quantity of game brought in was two hundred and seventy-two, composed of the usual kinds of fall game. But twelve members were able to go out.

In April, the spring hunt was more successful. Fourteen members went out, and brought in game counting three hundred and forty-six.

The first trial of skill by the club was decided at Mr. Corbin's "Sportsman's Hall," four miles east of this place, on the first day of the present year.

Birds were scarce, and only five pigeons could be allowed to each man; distance twenty paces: those who *tied*, to shoot off at partridges.

Three, out of the eleven members who shot, killed all their pigeons. Four partridges each were then put up. Mr. N. killed his four, and Mr. A. also his four. Mr. G. missed one. Five more were again put up. Mr. N. killed four; Mr. A. three.

The first prize was accordingly awarded to Mr. N., who killed thirteen out of fourteen birds: the second prize to Mr. A., who killed twelve out of fourteen; and the third to Mr. G.

This hasty sketch may serve to give some idea of the progress of this new association, which I doubt not will grow in skill as it gains in years, and afford me an opportunity of furnishing more interesting details hereafter.

It may also serve to inform our eastern brethren that the "back-woodsmen" have sometimes *other* amusements than cutting down the timber and cultivating the land of this rich and beautiful country.

B.

QUEEN MARY'S DOG.—In the Life of the Queen of Scots it is said, that, after her head was cut off, "her little favorite lapdog, which had affectionately followed her, and, unobserved, had nestled among her clothes, now endeavored by his caresses to restore her to life, and would not leave the body till he was forced away. He died two days afterwards, perhaps from loneliness or grief."



TROUT FISHING.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blythe the mimic fly to lead,
When to the hook the salmon springs,
And the line whistles through the rings:
The boiling eddy see him try,
Then dashing from the current high,
Till watchful eye and cautious hand
Have led his wasted strength to land.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MR. EDITOR:

Baltimore, Md. July, 1833.

I am one of that quiet class of sportsmen, who, preferring the silent and tranquil amusement of angling to the more animating and exciting enjoyment of other field sports, occasionally steal away from the noise and heat of the city, to follow some clear, cool stream, in pursuit of my favorite fish, the trout. Although I have studied, with some attention, the works of that patriarch of anglers, Izaak Walton, and of his disciple, Cotton, as well as the late volume of Sir H. Davy on Fly Fishing, yet I own that my success with the fly has been but indifferent; and I must beg that you, or some one of your numerous readers who may have given more attention to the subject, will furnish, through the medium of your Magazine, some instructions relative to the different varieties of the best flies—the period of their appearance—the places in which they may be found, &c. &c.

Wanting the necessary practical knowledge of the fly, I have generally contented myself with the common bait; and have often enjoyed "excellent sport" with it. Invited by the prospect of a fine day, during the present season, I repaired to a stream, at no great distance from the city, with a friend, who, like the eminent Davy, amidst an active life of professional usefulness, is not unwilling to lay aside occasionally the toils of business, "to wander forth by some clear stream;" and on counting the contents of our baskets, at the close of our fishing, we found that we had caught *five dozen and a half* of trout.

To enjoy this amusement, however, in a high degree, the angler should visit the western county of this state, or the northern or western branches of the Susquehanna. On the latter he may obtain as fine trout fishing as, I think, any other part of the world can afford. I have angled there twice, and with as much success as could be desired. In the company of a gentleman, whose keen relish for the sport is only equalled by his high intellectual and social qualities, which render him at all times a most agreeable companion, whether science or literature, or the sports of the field engage his attention, I went up the Lycoming,—a small river, emptying its waters into the Susquehanna, in the county of the same name,—to fish for trout. This stream abounds with trout of a fine size; and in it the fly may be cast, and the largest trout played *secundum artem*, without any risk of the line becoming entangled and the fish lost—so common an impediment to fly fishing in most of our streams. Not being provided with the necessary tackle for fishing in so large a stream, we preferred a smaller one, emptying into it, very appropriately named *Trout run*. Following this stream for a mile or two, as it flowed between two lofty and precipitous ranges of the mountain, and completely screened from the sun by the dense and dark foliage of the hemlocks which overhung it, and which effectually prevented any shadow from falling on the water to alarm the fish,—with nothing to break the deep solitude of the place, except the murmuring of the water itself, or the occasional *drumming* of a pheasant on the neighboring mountain,—I, in about two hours, caught and handed to our attendant *eight dozen of trout*. The number taken by my friend I do not accurately recollect.

If the contemplation of nature, in an aspect of romantic wildness and grandeur, could have added to the enjoyment, there certainly was ample scope for the eye of the philosophic angler. For myself, I must acknowledge that I was too much absorbed in my sport to give much attention to any thing else.

I certainly have never had the same amount of amusement with my angle rod, unless perhaps on one other occasion, when, being on a visit to Lake George, a gentleman stepped into a boat, at the village of Caldwell, with me, and rowing across the pellucid waters of that most romantic of lakes, to a point near the opposite shore, we dropped the anchor, and in an hour or two caught near seven dozen of bass, perch, &c. &c. Among the number were three of the *lake trout*—a prize very seldom obtained at that part of the lake during the warm months, when they usually retreat to the inaccessible depths of the lake. Although they were but about a foot in length, I never knew any other kind of fish to take the hook so fiercely.

C.

ANGLING ON LAKE GEORGE.

MR. EDITOR:

New York, July 7, 1833.

Lake George, in this state, presents to the lovers of angling a sport superior to any other angling hitherto described; abounding in black bass and salmon, trout, and a variety of other smaller fish. I know of no place where a few days can be more pleasantly passed.

To the admirers of the picturesque, the sail down the lake is unrivaled. To the tourist, in search of the scenes of our Revolutionary struggle, an ample field is before him. The ruins of Fort William Henry, at the head of the lake, and of Ticonderoga, at a short distance from the termination of Lake George, are well worthy of a visit. Combining these inducements with the angling for black bass, or Lake George bass, (as they are also called,) and which are in abundance in the months of July and August, and the agreeable coolness of the mountain air, during these sultry months, gives to this sport a preference over any other angling.

The black bass is a deep fish, of great strength, and superior flavor for the table; and, when hooked, it makes a violent attempt to escape by springing its full length out of the water. This is a critical time, as the leap has the effect to slacken, and thereby break the line, or unloosen the hook. The angler, at this time, is aware of the size of the fish he has to contend with. Rowing down the lake in a skiff, to the distance of seven or ten miles, (with minnows kept alive for bait,) I have had fine sport. The water is so very clear, that, when fishing at the depth of ten to twenty feet, the different kinds of fish can be seen swimming beneath the boat; and the bait, hooked below the dorsal fin, (which allows it to swim,) is perceived making exertions to escape from its enemies.

Some time since I was standing upon the banks of Fish creek, and on the border of the field where General Burgoyne surrendered his army, desperately engaged in contest with a black bass of an unusually large size; and which, from the view I had of him, when he sprang from the water, I thought would have weighed seven pounds. The current was strong: the dangerous leap was passed. I had played him some time; when, unfortunately, having at least one hundred and fifty feet of line out, in attempting to turn him, in the strength of the current, which ran like a race way, he turned his side to the stream and snapped my line. I had killed several of a large size; but this one was a mammoth of his species, and I have ever since regretted his escape.

It is only a few years since the completion of the Champlain Canal, that these fish have made their appearance in the waters of the Hud-

son, and its tributaries, in the vicinity of the junction of the canal with the river; having probably descended the canal from Lake Champlain, where they also abound, and have thus found their way in large numbers to the Hudson.

My paper admonishes me that I must no longer trespass upon your patience; but must end this effusion with a recommendation to all anglers to kill black bass.

Respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

A VIRGINIA FISH FRY.

MR. EDITOR:

Warsaw, Va. July 6, 1833.

I do not recollect your noticing a fish fry in the amusing and useful Register. Now is the very season. Our last was given on the 4th of July, by the losers of it, in a bet on a quarter race, at Cobham Park—a place, of all others, best suited: for there two noble springs, of purest water, gush from the bank, a little above high water mark, shaded by beautiful trees and vines; being equally accessible to vehicles and boats. Early in the day you will see the forrester moving towards the river, with the middling of bacon; the lawyer, with the old rye and peach; the merchant, with sugar and nutmeg; others, with ice and numberless *et cetera*, too tedious to mention; the river-side men being always looked to for fish. Between ten and eleven, A. M. we are in motion. As every man approaches, you will hear the inquiry, "What luck?" Being answered, he tells his addition to the "general stock"—rather *before* than after twelve, unless there be a prospect of an early *set-to*, a salt herring, broiled bacon, or something of the kind, is thrown on the *boards* for a lunch. The black bottle and cup comes next. Anecdotes, the news, and such matters, are then discussed; and may be two youngsters are started for a foot race: one sport following another till the fish come.

You may imagine the busy scene then; and unless you have eaten fresh fish on the shore, and hot from the pan, you have no idea of good fried fish.* All eating over, the bottle is pushed. Then for

* "*Perhaps*" no hard working sinner better knows, or relishes with a keener zest than we do, the pleasures of a fish fry on the shore, with a bottle of good old "mountain den" near a cool spring: the fish coming in fluttering from the boat, and hot from the pan, (not quite as fast as you want them,) with a few hearty friends, void of politics and full of good humor—with memories too short to recollect, and hearts too good to speak evil of an absent neighbor. Why, there's positively nothing like it but the full cry of a hard running pack!! In these unceremonious gatherings of neighbors in the country, each man, whatever may be the simplicity of

mint julep—cold and sweet and strong. Some then strole on the shore; some sing; some take a sail; (Capt. Weems can tell you in what sailing trim some have visited his fine steamer;) and I have seen a quarter race—indeed rode one myself. Backgammon and cards, but a *few years past*, were allowable; but we are *too good nowadays* to indulge in an innocent game or dance. As the sun is about setting the boats are manned—horses hitched up; and if all get home *sober* and sound, our wives are the better pleased.

I had almost forgotten to say a day is fixed for another fry, *early in the action*, and a bill of fare made out as inclosed, which use or not, as you choose.

A SUBSCRIBER.

VIRGINIA FISH FRY.—BILL OF FARE.—*July 4th, 1833.*

Mr. B.—ope quarter of lamb, and drum fish; one gallon of whiskey.

Mr. N.—four bottles of wine; two bottles of old whiskey; oysters, crabs, corn bread, peach.

Mr. W. S.—lard and pig, and brandy.

Mr. B.—a middling of bacon, bread, a quarter of lamb, two bottles of brandy.

Mr. M.—one gallon of brandy and nutmegs, and what he *pleases*.

Mr. B*****.—drum fish and crabs.

Mr. G. S.—drum fish.

Dr. B.—loaf bread, loaf sugar.

Dr. S.—spirits and sugar; and professional services, if need be, *gratis*.

Mr. R. W. C.—old ham and suet.

Mr. L.—spirits, one gallon.

his character, has yet his *peculiarity*—either of person, dress, manner, by-word, (cock of the eye or hat,) nick name, (as “clean drinking” Charley J—;) something that belongs to *himself*, that gives individuality and amuses, and causes each to be remembered by his messmates long after they may have been separated by time and circumstance. But of all the *dramatis personæ* at a fish fry, who is the chief actor—the factotum? Why, the best fisherman, to be sure!—the Izaak Walton of the party. How should we get along without him? Does not Mrs. Glass say, that to cook a rock you must first catch a rock? And after the fisherman comes the *cook*! and no matter what may be his color—“an Indian or an African sun may have shone upon him.” He is yet more entitled to the “highest consideration” than Pozzo di Borgho or Metternich himself. Whilst the skillful compounder of our toddy and julep is not the least important personage.

“Full smooth as the current, my life, let it flow,
And my breast ever yield to humanity’s glow:
May my way in society ever be fair,
And not, like my bait, invite to insnare.
Then every piscator this tale shall report,
An angler is gone to Elysium for sport.”

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Those who have been postponing to purchase sets of this Magazine, are now informed that *the time has gone by*. There are none of the second, and very few of the first and third volumes left. The subscription price will be given at this office for the second volume in good order—either bound or in numbers. Those who owe for it,—and too true it is, *there are such*,—it is expected will either pay for it, or return the numbers in good order and receive their acquittance. Surely, after this offer, they will not keep the property and withhold the subscription.

A SURE FOAL GETTER.—Leviathan, first season in Tennessee, covered one hundred and three mares—ninety-four foals; three slipped. And of these mares, the united age of three was seventy-six years. One of them, over twenty-eight, brought a foal.

Sussex has proved himself to be one of the surest foal getters in America; and his get will much belie his performances and his uncommonly fine racing *form*, if they are not distinguished on the turf three years hence.

A FEW COMMENTS ON THE RACING THIS SPRING—*Extract from a letter.*—Fortune has this spring scattered her favors with something like an even hand. Messrs. Selden, Botts, Davis, and others, have partaken of her bounty. Success has rarely been so much divided: the favorites but in few instances winning as many as two races during the whole campaign. Of the unusual number of competitors, but three have exceeded that number: and, in many instances, too, the favorites have been signally defeated; as Mary Randolph, at the Union Course; O'Kelly, at Poughkeepsie; Goliah, at Treehill and the Central Course; Flying Dutchman, at Newmarket; Mucklejohn, at Norfolk; and Pizarro at Fairfield and Lynchburg.

The winners that have won more frequently than once, during this spring's racing, in Virginia, District of Columbia, Maryland and New York, are as follows: Ironette, four times; Dolly Dixon, three; Medley colt, out of Betsey Robinson, three; and Tychicus, Flying Dutchman, Black Maria, Mucklejohn and Monsoon, twice each. I remember none other that has won more than a single race during the campaign. I do not refer to the minor courses or second rate "cattle." T.

CENTRAL COURSE RACES.—Third day, purse \$200; mile heats, best three in five.

Chas. Jackson's ch. m. Betsey Bell, five years old,

by Henry, - - - - - 2 2 1 1 2 1

Mr. Sherman's ch. h. De Witt Clinton, aged, by

Ratler, - - - - - 1 3 3 2 1 2

John M. Botts' b. f. Ariadne, four years old, by

Gohanna, - - - - - 3 1 2 3 3 dr.

Mr. Dull's br. g. Gatchem, aged, - - - 4 dis.

Time, first heat, 2 m. 4 s.—second heat, 1 m. 59 s.—third heat, 2 m. 4 s.

—fourth heat, 2 m. 3 s.—fifth heat, 2 m. 5 s.—sixth heat, 2 m. 4 s.

Dr. Duvall's mare Floretta was also entered, but did not start. Track deep, and each heat run during a heavy rain. The second heat very closely contested.

The above named five horses were advertised to run for the above race. A and B, with that advertisement before them, made a bet thus:

A bet B one dollar, and took De Witt Clinton and Floretta against the field. Now, as Floretta did not start, could A lose? Neither A nor B was on the ground.

SALES.—*Multiflora*, by Mason's Ratler, out of Marigold, by Tom Tough, for \$1200.

Violet Fame, by Mason's Ratler, out of a half sister to Sparrowhawk, for \$1005.

AMENDMENT OF RULES SUGGESTED TO THE MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB.—*(Extract to the Editor.)*—If the "distance" be not changed, I submit, for the consideration of the Maryland Jockey Club, the amending of their rule—to make the winner of a heat better in a race than a horse running second in the last heat, without taking a heat. My opinion is, it would insure more honest and beautiful racing and prevent *management* to win bets between horses, having no chance to win the race. Where neither takes a heat, the best in the last heat should win the bets.

BREAKING UP FROM THE TROT OR PACE—*What is the rule in that case?*
MR. EDITOR: *Pittsburg, Pa. July 3, 1833.*

You will please be so good as to forward, by mail, your decision with regard to trotting and pacing, agreeably to the rules of the American clubs; and whether in either the horse is obliged to turn and start again, if he breaks. It being the opinion and rule here, you will confer a favor by putting the gentlemen right on the subject.

Yours, respectfully,

W. I. MADEIRA.

ANSWER:

Dear Sir,—We have no regular trotting club here; but that useful sport is very much in vogue at Philadelphia and New York. On the courses there the rule and practice is, when a horse breaks his trot, whether under the saddle or harness, not to *turn him back or round*; but to bring him down again, as soon as possible, to his trot or pace. Generally speaking, a horse loses ground by breaking, and his rider therefore loses no time in bringing him again to his trot; but whether he be behind or in the lead, if, when he breaks up, and *gains ground whilst he is not in his trot*, the judges charge him with what he thus gains as nearly as they can, but he gets no credit for what he may lose. These considerations are supposed to offer sufficient security that the trot or pace will not be wilfully broken, and that, at all events, nothing will be gained by it. I will publish, in an early number of the Sporting Magazine, the rules of the Hunting Park (Philadelphia) Trotting Club.

In haste, but with respect,

J. S. SKINNER.

W. I. MADEIRA.

THE OFFICIAL ACCOUNT OF THE LAST WASHINGTON RACES (published in No. 11, p. 601) makes no allowance of time for the forty feet which the track exceeds a mile. How strange that all tracks are not extended or contracted to the *exact distance*!—seeing how easy it is to be done, and how impossible it is for the reader *always* to bear the fact in mind, and to make the necessary addition or subtraction when they are under or over a mile. Where the course is *under*, the public is imposed upon; where over, cruel injustice is done to the winning horse and his owner.

☞ The September number will contain the list of winners for the last year. How many owners of winners, and of the sires of winners, will be injured by the failure of secretaries to *report* the account of races for publication! They ought to see to it.

QUERY.—Permit me to make one simple inquiry of you, as I am sure you will not be at a loss to answer.

If *only one horse* starts for any regular purse, is it customary or necessary for him to walk or gallop over the course before he can of right claim the purse?

G. B. W.

NEW RACE COURSE.—James S. Garrison, Esq. (proprietor of the Norfolk Course,) is about establishing a new course at Timonium, eleven miles from Baltimore, on the Susquehanna Rail Road, or ten miles on the Falls' Turnpike. The races will take place in October next, the week after the races at the Central Course. The purses will be liberal, and will be made known in our next.

GREAT PERFORMANCE AT THE LATE DUTCHESS COUNTY (N. Y.) RACES. Black Maria ran the first heat of three miles in 5 m. 42 s.—the quickest time on that track, and as quick as any race of that distance of which we have any recollection; and the last mile of the second heat she ran in 1 m. 50 s. Three miles at that rate would have surpassed any performance we know of; and we can scarce have a doubt, from this and various other proofs of Black Maria's bottom, she might, on this occasion, have kept up the rate of her first heat (1 m. 54 s.) one other mile, making the four in 7 m. 36 s.—one second better than Henry's time, and carrying her full weight, 123 lbs. Last autumn, it will be recollected, she ran twenty miles to beat Trifle and Lady Relief. AMICUS.

"OLD VIRGINIA NEVER TIRE."—The success that has crowned the laudable perseverance of a true Virginia turfite, this spring, exemplifies the truth of the above adage. As an example worthy of imitation, we hope being excused for extracting from our pages the following notice of Dolly Dixon, whose reputation we conceive to be now established by her late victories at Newmarket and Norfolk, over Flying Dutchman and Mucklejohn.

A less confident sportsman,—one whose ardor was to be damped by defeat,—might have distrusted the latent and long dormant qualities of his nag, although her points and blood (own sister to Sally Hornet, the victor in so many fields—over Bonnets o' Blue, Trifle, Collier, Virginia Taylor, Bonny Black, Red Rover, &c. &c.) might justify the expectation of ultimate success; such as confidence, industry and talent, will accomplish.

First race, mile heats, distanced by Virginia Taylor. Time, first heat, 1 m. 56 s.—second heat, 1 m. 56 s.

Second race, four mile heats, fifth to Andrew. Time, first heat, 8 m. 43 s.—second heat, 8 m. 25 s.

Third race, mile heats, third to Traffic. Time, first heat, 1 m. 53 s.—second heat, 1 m. 53 s.

Fourth race, four mile heats, distanced by Andrew. Time, first heat, 7 m. 47 s.—second heat, 7 m. 40 s.

Fifth race, four mile heats, sixth to Goliah. Time, first heat, 8 m. 7 s.—second heat, 8 m. 10 s.—third heat, 8 m. 6 s.

Sixth race, two mile heats, fifth to Jemima. Time, first heat, 4 m. 3 s.—second heat, 3 m. 58 s.

Seventh race, four mile heats; second, fourth—distanced by Collier. Time, first heat, 8 m. 26 s.—second heat, 8 m. 5 s.—third heat, 8 m. 13 s.

Eighth race, Dolly Dixon won the two mile heats at Taylorsville, in four heats. Time, first heat, 4 m. 1 s.—second heat, 4 m. 2 s.—third heat, 3 m. 59 s.—fourth heat, 4 m. 3 s.

Ninth race, she was beaten the four mile heats; third to Pizarro. Time, first heat, 8 m. 54 s.—second heat, 8 m. 36 s.

Tenth race, she beat Flying Dutchman the four mile heats at Newmarket. Time, first heat, 8 m. 16 s.—second heat, 8 m. 6 s.—third heat, 8 m. 24 s.

Lastly, she beat Mucklejohn the four mile heats at Norfolk. Time, first heat, 8 m. 39 s.—second heat, 8 m. 33 s.—third heat, 8 m. 40 s.—fourth heat, 9 m.—"Track heavy from incessant rains."

TO SPORTSMEN.—There has been left with me a proposition for a stud stake, \$1000 entrance, h.f., two mile heats; to be run over the Greensburg Central Course on the third Wednesday in May, 1836; free for the get of any horse in the United States, dropped in the spring of 1833. Three entries will make a race; and the colt to be named at the starting post.—Only one colt of any stallion's get will be allowed to enter. The above subscription will be closed on the 1st of December next; before which time entries may be made by letter, directed to the undersigned, (post paid,) inclosing bond, with approved security, for the forthcoming of the entrance money or forfeit. The death of any one entering a colt will release himself and securities. The racing will be governed by the rules of this course.

As the object of the above proposition is to test the merits of our fine horses, as far as they can be tried in *one* race, it is hoped that the owners of all the fine horses in the western country will embrace this opportunity of entering one of each of their get.

J. M. S. McCORKLE, Sec'y of the Greensburg (Ken.) Jockey Club.

George Elliot enters the get of Leviathan.

THE FAIRFIELD AND LONG ISLAND ECLIPSE AND HENRY RACE COMPARED.—(*Extract from a letter from a gentleman in Virginia.*)—"I refer you to the Turf Register, (vol. i. p. 536; vol. ii. pp. 249. 353. 407. 408; vol. iv. pp. 201. 256.) that you may compare the *sixteen mile* race (at Fairfield, between Goliah, Tychicus, Pizarro, Z A, &c.) with such long races as are there recorded. I am confident *the last race of sixteen miles was run quicker than any other sixteen mile race on record*; and that the first heat, won by Tychicus, was as quick as Monsieur Tonson and Sally Walker's celebrated heat, (being but six months older, he carried 10 lbs. more than either of them.) Many gentlemen timed it, and said it was run in 7 m. 55 s. instead of 7 m. 58 s.* as reported. Tychicus *now* deserves the first niche in Fame's temple, and let him have it."

In regard to this race, we have the following brief notice from another correspondent:

"There has lately been a splendid race at Fairfield; purse \$800; four mile heats. I say nothing of the entries, as you of course have them. At starting, the odds in favor of Z A winning the *first heat* were two to one. Therefore, it was not intended to run Tychicus for it; but finding, in the last half mile, there was much in hand, Ruffin (a boy who broke him, and has ridden him every race) was ordered to let him go. He did so, and won the heat in 7 m. 58 s. (some gentlemen say 7 m. 55 s.) Goliah just dropped in his distance.

"*Second heat.*—It being evident the riders of Goliah and Pizarro had orders only to lay by Tychicus, he was dropped in the distance, and they did the same; Z A taking the heat in 8 m. 28 s.

"*Third heat.*—Goliah and Pizarro had to contend for the honor of running the fourth. Therefore, Tychicus quietly trailed and pulled up within the distance; Goliah winning the heat in 8 m. 10 s.

"*Fourth heat.*—Goliah, Tychicus and Z A, stripped for a violent struggle. Goliah went off, under whip and spur, from the stand; Tychicus exerting himself to get the track. They ran locked, under the spur, and sometimes the whip, for nearly the whole heat. Goliah won it and the race. Time of last heat, 8 m. 18 s. Z A distanced."

* [Whether 7 m. 55 s. or 7 m. 58 s., we are assured this was the best heat of four miles that has been run at Fairfield for the last thirty years—better than either of the two dead heats run by Duroc and Sir Alfred, the fall they were four years old. Tychicus and Goliah show true game. Their fourth heat was run six seconds quicker than the third heat of Eclipse and Henry, which is believed to have been run at their best speed; and their four heats, or any two or three, are better than Black Maria's, in her great achievement at the Union Course.]



RACING CALENDAR.

ST. MATTHEWS (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Thursday, December 27, 1832.

First day, three mile heats.

A. Flud's b. h. Santee, five years old, by Rob Roy,	-	1	1
Dr. Goodwin's ch. m. Minna Brenda, five years old, by Kosciusko,		2	2
D. Myers' gr. f. Nancy Miller, four years old, by Rob Roy,		3	3
E. Richardson's b. f. Miss Rock, three years old, by Comet,		4	dr.

Second day, two mile heats.

A. Tate's ch. h. Ball Hornet, six years old, by Rob Roy,	-	3	1	1
D. Myers' ch. f. four years old, by Crusader,	-	1	2	2
D. Row's ch. c. Selden, four years old, by Reliance,	-	2	3	3
Dr. Goodwin's b. f. Sally Wade, three years old, by Reliance,		4	4	4

Third day, mile heats.

Dr. Goodwin's Minna Brenda,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. E. Richardson's Miss Rock,	-	-	-	-	4	2
D. Myers' Nancy Miller,	-	-	-	-	3	3
D. Row's ch. f. two years old, by Reliance,	-	-	-	-	2	dr.

First day's sweepstakes, taken by Col. Richardson.

Second do. do. by Mr. Flud.

Third do. do. by Mr. Myers.

ORANGEBURG (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced on Wednesday, January 9, 1833.

First day, a match, mile heats.

Mr. Row's ch. f. two years old, by Reliance,	-	-	-	1	1
Dr. Goodwin's ch. f. three years old,	-	-	-	2	2

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$300; three mile heats.

A. Flud's b. h. Santee, five years old, by Rob Roy,	-	1	1
Col. Richardson's b. f. Miss Rock, three years old, by Comet,		3	2
Dr. Goodwin's ch. m. Minna Brenda, by Kosciusko,	-	2	dis.
Mr. Felder's b. h. Tom Cooper, by Reliance,	-	-	dis.

Third day, purse \$150; two mile heats.

Mr. Row's ch. c. Selden, four years old, by Reliance,	-	2	1	1
Mr. Flud's ch. h. Ball Hornet, six years old, by Rob Roy,		3	3	2
Mr. Felder's cr. f. Fanny Wright, four years old, by Reliance,		1	2	dr.
Dr. Goodwin's b. f. Sally Wade, three years old, by Reliance,		dis.		

Fourth day, mile heats.

Dr. Goodwin's Minna Brenda,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Col. Richardson's bl. h. by Comet,	-	-	-	-	3	2
Mr. Felder's Fanny Wright,	-	-	-	-	2	3

Same day, a match.

Dr. Goodwin's f. three years old,	-	-	-	-	1	1
Mr. Row's f. two years old,	-	-	-	-	2	2

NEW IBERIA (*Lou.*) RACES.

The spring races, over the New Iberia Course, commenced on Wednesday, April 10, and continued three days. The manner of conducting the sports over this turf is highly creditable to the association. During the whole three days, we do not recollect to have seen a single individual intoxicated. The day was beautiful; and both owners and coursers were so advantageously known, that the field was thronged with the elite, the beauty and fashion of Attakapas.

First day, purse \$300; three mile heats.

Jonas Marsh's ch. f. Bel Tracy, three years old, by Stockholder;
dam by Truxton, - - - - - 1 1

David Weeks' b. h. Paul Clifford, five years old, by Stockholder;
dam by Oscar, - - - - - 2 2

Time, first heat, 6 m. 10 s.—second heat, 6 m. 20 s.

Track unfavorable each day, being very rough.

Second day, purse \$200; two mile heats.

W. S. Harding's br. f. Helen McGregor, four years old, by Mercury; dam by Palafox, - - - - - 1 1

Jonas Marsh's ch. c. Young Duke, three years old, by Crusader,
out of Multiflora's dam, - - - - - 2 2

Time, first heat, 4 m. 2 s.—second heat, 4 m. 20 s.

Same day, a sweepstakes for all ages; \$25 entrance; one mile out.

Gideon Boyce's b. g. Lord Nelson, six years old, by Pacolet, - 1

Thomas Leroux's b. g. Paddy Carey, seven years old, - 2

R. Walker's ch. g. Schoolboy, six years old, - - - 3

E. B. Mayfield's b. g. Brandy, seven years old, - - - blt.

Time, 1 m. 55 s.

Third day, purse \$100; mile heats.

Dr. Smith's b. c. Wrangler, four years old, by Mercury, - 1 1

Jonas Marsh's b. f. May Dacre, three years old, by Stockholder;
dam by Pacolet, - - - - - 2 2

W. S. Harding's b. g. Snapping Turtle, aged, by Timoleon, - dis.

Time, first heat, 2 m. 7 s.—second heat, 2 m. 7 s.

Track very heavy, from rain which had fallen the evening previous.

The sports over the course, for this season, concluded with a Creole race, for a purse of \$50, given by the club. Distance one mile out; four entries. Won by Latiolais' roan gelding.

Time, 2 m. 15 s.

NASHVILLE (*Tenn.*) RACES,

Spring meeting, commenced on Tuesday, May 7, 1833.

First day, a sweepstakes for three year olds; \$100 entrance; mile heats.

L. P. Cheatham's b. c. Emerald, by Timoleon; dam by Sir Archy;
2 lbs. overweight, - - - - - 1 1

W. B. Gowen's ch. c. Felix Grundy, by Sir Richard; dam Graytail, 5 2

S. J. Carter's b. c. by Sir William; dam by Knowsley; 2 lbs. over, 4 3

N. Stocket's b. f. by Lytle's Sir William; dam by Florizel, - 2 dis.

Thos. Alderson's b. f. by Sir Richard; dam by Conqueror, 3 dis.

Time, 1 m. 56 s. each heat.

Second day, a sweepstakes for three year olds; \$200 entrance; four entered; two paid forfeit.

Thos. Foxall's b. f. by Sir Richard; dam by Oscar, - - - 1 1

Thos. A. Pankey's ch. f. by Johnson's Medley; dam by Virginian, 2 2

Time, first heat, 1 m. 56 s.—second heat, 1 m. 57 s.

Third day, for a silver pitcher and entrance; mile heats.

W. B. Gowen's ch. c. Felix Grundy, by Sir Richard; dam Graytail, 1 1

S. J. Carter's b. c. by Sir William; dam by Knowsley,	-	2	2
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. Galen, by Pacific; dam by Pacolet,		3	3
Time, first heat, 1 m. 59 s.—second heat, 2 m. 2 s.			
<i>Fourth day</i> , proprietor's purse and entrance, worth \$350; two mile heats.			
L. P. Cheatham's gr. f. Lucilla, four years old, by Pacific;			
dam by Pacolet,	-	1	3 1
G. W. Cheatham's ch. f. Jenny Devers, by Stockholder; dam			
full sister to Oscar,	-	4	1 2
Holland Davis' ch. f. Rachel Jackson, by Conqueror; dam by			
Sir Arthur,	-	3	2 dr.
Wm. McCroroy's b. f. by Timoleon; dam by Eagle,	-	2	4 dr.
Arthur Cotton's gr. f. Wild Goose, by Sir Richard; dam by			
Volunteer,	-		dis.
Time, first heat, 4 m. 4 s.—second heat, 3 m. 56 s.—third heat, 4 m. 7 s.			

CLOVER HILL (Tenn.) RACES,

Spring meeting, commenced on Tuesday, May 14, 1833.

First day, a subscription stakes of \$800; two mile heats; four subscribers.

Maj. William Robinson's ch. c. Rocky River, four years old, by			
Stockholder; 100 lbs.	-	1	1
Maj. John G. Bostick's gr. f. Betsey Baker, four years old, by			
Bostick's Gallatin; dam by old Gallatin; 97 lbs.	-	2	dr.
Turner B. Henley's b. m. Mary Burton, six years old, by Andrew			
Jackson; dam by imp. Eagle; 115 lbs.	-		dis.*
J. A. Jenkins' c. Shawneetown paid forfeit.			
Time, 4 m. 13 s.			

Second day, two mile heats.

R. Sharp's ch. f. Maria Jackson, three years old, by Sharp's			
Timoleon; dam by Potomac; 83 lbs.	-	1	1
E. Eaves' ch. f. Georgiana, three years old, by Sir George; dam			
by Gabriel; 83 lbs.	-	2	blt.
Time, first heat, 4 m. 14 s.—second heat, 4 m. 7 s.			

Third day, three mile heats.

Maj. J. G. Bostick's Betsey Baker,	-	1	1
Col. B. Hollingsworth's b. c. by Stockholder, three years old, 86 lbs.	-		dis.
Time, 6 m. 30 s. J. GOODWIN, Sec'y.			

BELLEFONTE (Va.) RACES,

Spring meeting, commenced on Wednesday, May 29, 1833.

First day, proprietor's purse \$200; two mile heats; five started.

T. D. Watson's gr. c. Littlejohn,	-	1	1
O. P. Hare's cr. c. Prince George,	-	3	2
J. J. Harrison's ch. h. Division,	-	5	3
J. C. Goode's b. c. Tuscumbia,	-	4	4
Edward Wyatt's b. m.	-	2	dr.
Time, first heat, 4 m. 7 s.—second heat, 4 m. 3 s.			

Second day, Jockey Club purse \$300; three mile heats; four started.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. Ironette, by Contention,	-	1	1
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* It is due to Mary Burton to say, that she threw her rider before she passed the first turn; and although she ran the heat *without her rider*, and came in close to Rocky River, by the rule she was considered distanced. The track was exceedingly muddy from two days' previous rain. After the second day's race was over, Mary Burton was again brought to the track, and run two miles out, which she performed in 3 m. 59 s., carrying about 75 lbs. Track still heavy.

T. D. Watson's b. c. Moses, by Arab, - - - 4 2
 J. J. Harrison's ch. h. Festival, by Eclipse, - - - 2 3
 J. C. Goode's b. h. Row Galley, by Arab, - - - 3 fell.

Time, first heat, 6 m. 7 s.—second heat, 6 m. 13 s.

Third day, handicap purse \$150; mile heats, best three in five.

J. J. Harrison's ch. h. Division, five years old, by Arab;

98 lbs. - - - 2 3 1 1 1

J. C. Goode's b. c. Tuscumbia, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson; 86 lbs. - - - 3 1 2 2 2

T. D. Watson's b. f. Emily, four years old, by Sir Charles; 97 lbs. - - - 1 2 3 dis.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 55 s.—second heat, 1 m. 56 s.—third heat, 1 m. 55 s.—fourth heat, 1 m. 56 s.—fifth heat, 2 m. 3 s.

The sport of the day went off with an interesting sweepstakes; entrance free for any saddle horse; mile heats. Won, in two heats, by one of Virginian's noble sons.

PARIS (Tenn.) RACES,

Spring meeting, commenced on Wednesday, May 29, 1833.

First day, colt race, for citizens' purse \$175.

Col. H. Harris' b. c. State Rights, two years old, by Arab; dam by Bagdad, - - - 1 1

Capt. Benjamin Blythe's b. c. Sleepy Davy, three years old, by Napoleon, - - - 2 dis.

Dr. W. J. Dewitt's ch. c. Small Hopes, three years old, by Napoleon; dam by Phelps' Diomed, - - - dis.

Time, first heat, 2 m. 10 s.—second heat, 2 m. 8 s.

Second day, a sweepstakes; \$75 entrance; free for any untried horse.

Col. Henry Wright's ch. h. Henry Clay, six years old, by Sumter; dam by Whip, - - - 1 1

Dr. W. J. Dewitt's ch. m. Moll Bond, by Timoleon; dam by McLemone's Wonder, - - - 2 dis.

Time, first heat, 1 m. 56 s.—second heat, 2 m.

Third day, a match for \$500 a side.

Col. H. Harris' ch. f. Robinett, four years old, by Lytle's Sir William; dam by Sir Archy; 97 lbs. - - - 1 1

Col. Robert Learey's ch. c. Sam Patch, three years old, by Timoleon; dam by Conqueror; 86 lbs. - - - 2 dis.

Time, first heat, 2 m. 10 s.—second heat, 2 m. 11 s.

Fourth day, a sweepstakes for a fine saddle; \$10 entrance; mile heats, best three in five.

Dr. W. J. Dewitt's b. f. Juliet, by Napoleon; dam by Sir Archy, - - - 1 1 1

George W. Mix's ch. h. Davy Crocket, - - - 3 2 dis.

Col. H. Harris' b. f. Betsey Miller, by Sir Richard; dam by Sir Archy, - - - 2 dis.

Time, first heat, 2 m. 9 s.—second heat, 2 m. 17 s.—third heat, 2 m. 13 s.

The heaviness of the track from hard rains, it being new, must account for the bad time of the heats.

F. T. REID, Sec'y.

HUNTSVILLE (Alab.) RACES,

Spring meeting, commenced in May, 1833.

First day, purse \$332; three mile heats.

J. C. Beasley's b. f. Clar de Kitchen, four years old, by Marion, 1 1

Maj. N. Davis' h. Simon Kenton, five years old, by Bertrand, 2 2

Time, first heat, 6 m. 6 s.—second heat, 6 m. 6½ s.

Second day, purse \$232; two mile heats.

John C. Beasley's b. c. Hercules,* four years old, by Crusher, 2 1 1
 Maj. N. Davis' ch. h. Purdy,* five years old, - 1 2 2
 V. G. Pruit's h. Lincoln, five years old, by Napoleon, - 3 3 dis.
 Time, first heat, 3 m. 55 s.—second heat, 3 m. 54 s.—third heat, 3 m. 56½ s.

Third day, purse \$266; mile heats, best three in five.

Maj. William M. Robinson's ch. h. Rocky River, five years old, by Stockholder, - - - - 2 1 1 1
 Maj. N. Davis' Simon Kenton, - - - - 4 3 3 2
 John C. Beasley's b. f. Susan Hull, three years old, by Timoleon, - - - - 1 2 2 dis.
 James Clemens' b. c. CCC, four years old, by Crusher, 3 dis.
 Time, first heat, 1 m. 56 s.—second heat, 1 m. 54 s.—third heat, 1 m. 53 s.—fourth heat, 1 m. 54 s.

LAWRENCEVILLE (Va.) RACES,

Spring meeting, commenced on Tuesday, June 11, 1833.

First day, a sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; \$100 entrance, h. f.; mile heats.

J. D. Kirby's gr. c. by Medley; dam by John Richards, - 1 1
 William Wynn's br. f. by Monsieur Tonson; dam by Sir Hal, 2 2
 J. C. Goode's b. c. by Monsieur Tonson; dam Creeping Kate, 3 3
 R. K. Meade's br. c. by Arab; dam by Bedford, - 4 4
 William McCargo's ch. f. by Stockholder; dam by Pacolet, - 5 dis.
 Time, first heat, 1 m. 54 s.—second heat, 1 m. 59 s. Track quite heavy.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$250; \$15 entrance; two mile heats.

William Wynn's b. h. Red Jacket, five years old, by Director; dam by Florizel, - - - - 1 1
 Thomas D. Watson's gr. c. Littlejohn, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, - - - - 2 0†
 John D. Kirby's ch. c. Winterfield, four years old, by Gohanna; dam by Mufti, - - - - 6 0†
 James J. Harrison's ch. h. Division, five years old, by Arab; dam by Virginian, - - - - 5 4
 John C. Goode's b. c. Tuscumbia, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson; dam Creeping Kate, - - - - 7 5
 William M. West' b. f. four years old, by Marion, - - - - 4 6
 William McCargo's b. c. John Flinn, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson; dam by Virginian, - - - - 3 dr.
 Time, first heat, 4 m. 2 s.—second heat, 3 m. 57 s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse \$500; \$20 entrance; four mile heats.

O. P. Hare's gr. f. Ironette, four years old, by Contention; dam by Packingham, - - - - 1 1
 James J. Harrison's ch. h. Festival, five years old, by Eclipse, 2 2
 William Wynn's b. c. Anvil, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson; dam Isabella, - - - - 4 3
 William McCargo's b. c. Walter Cook, four years old, by Monsieur Tonson; dam by Alexander, - - - - 3 dis.
 John C. Goode's b. h. Row Galley, five years old, by Arab; dam by Sir Archy, - - - - 5 dis.
 Time, first heat, 8 m. 11 s.—second heat, 8 m. 22 s.

* From the account given by the Huntsville Advocate, we should judge that the names of Hercules and Purdy have been transposed by the compositor, and that *Purdy*, not Hercules, had won the second and third heats.

† A dead heat between these two, being next to the foremost horse.

TURF REGISTER.

Stud of Col. Wm. Buford, of Treehill, Woodford Co. Ken.

1. **SPECULATOR** mare, ch. foaled 1805, bred by Robt. Alexander, of Woodford county, Ken.; got by imp. Speculator; her dam by Col. Hoomes' imp. Daredevil. Mr. Alexander purchased this Daredevil mare of Mr. Stephen Bullock, who brought her from Virginia, and stated that she was raised by Col. Hoomes, and was thoroughbred.

Her produce:

1816; b. f. Mary Bedford, by Duke of Bedford.

1823, March 19; b. c. Alexander, (died 1831.) by Tiger.

1824, February 24; ch. f. Mary Haxhall, by Moses. Sold to Gen. McArthur, of Ohio.

1826, March 13; br. f. Brownlock, by Tiger.

2. **ARCHER** mare, ch. foaled 1809; also bred by Mr. Robert Alexander; got by imp. Archer; her dam (the dam of the Speculator mare) by Col. Hoomes' imp. Daredevil.

Her produce:

1823, May 13; ch. f. Morocco, by Tiger.

1826, April 2; ch. c. Almanzor, by Sumter. Died in the south last winter.

1827, March 26; b. f. by Cherokee. Sold to Robert J. Breckenridge.

1828, October 23; ch. f. Grasshopper, by Sumter.

3. **ELIZABETH**, b. m. foaled 1816; got by Duke of Bedford; her dam by Americus, who was got by imported Shark, and out of the dam of Melzar.

Her produce:

1823, April 25; br. f. Lady Scepter, by Tiger. Now in Missouri.

1824, April 9; b. c. Ivanhoe, by Blackburn's Whip.

1825, March 28; b. f. Purity, by Moses. Sold to George Miller.

1827, May 10; b. f. America, by Cherokee.

1830, April 18; ch. c. Saint Anna, by Sumter.

4. **FLY**, ch. m. foaled 1810; bred by Simeon Buford, of Barren county,

Ken.; got by his horse President; her dam by imp. Royalist; her grandam by Morton's Darius, (a double bred Janus;) her g. grandam by imp. Fearnought.

Her produce:

1821, March; b. f. Dilly, by Blackburn's Whip. Dead.

1823, March; ch. f. Parasol, by Tiger. Sold to Mr. Leavelle.

1826, February; ch. c. Victor, by Orphan. Now in Ohio.

1829, February; ch. f. Crop, by Sumter.

1830, February; ch. c. Tamerlane, by Sumter.

5. **NANCY TAYLOR**, b. m. foaled in 1806; got by imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by McKinney's Roane; he by Celer, and he by imp. Janus.

Her produce:

1822, May; ch. f. Little Nancy, by Turpin's Florizel.

1825, March; ch. f. Lady Jackson, by Sumter. Sold to James Shigh.

6. **GRECIAN PRINCESS**, bl. m. (full sister to Tiger;) foaled in 1816; was got by Cook's or Blackburn's Whip; her dam by Gen. Hampton's Darogán; her grandam by Figure, (raised by Daniel Hunt, of New Jersey;) her g. grandam Slammerkin, by imp. Wildair; her g. g. grandam was the famous imp. Cub mare.

Her produce:

1826, March 13; bl. f. Helen Mar, by Sumter.

1827, March 22; bl. c. Sir William Wallace, by Sumter.

The above two sold to J. Perry, of the south.

1829, February 10; bl. f. Ann Merry, by Sumter.

1830, April 12; bl. c. Charlemagne, by Sumter.

1832, March 11; bl. f. Ly Childers.

7. **MARY BEDFORD**, b. m. foaled in 1816; got by Duke of Bedford; her dam the Speculator mare, No. 1.

Her produce:

1822, March 26; bl. c. Nelson, by Blackburn's Whip. In Missouri.

1823, March 4; ch. f. Rosemary, by Tiger.

1824, April 6; b. f. Peggy Steuart, by Whip.

1825, March 23; ch. c. Childers, by Moses.

1826, April 17; b. c. Brunswick, by Sumter.

1827, March 27; ch. c. Stadtholder, by Sumter.

1828, March 4; gr. c. Ishmael, by Winter Arabian.

1829, April 10; br. f. Elborak, by Sumter.

1830, March 1; ch. g. Olympus, by Sumter.

1831, April 2; ch. f. by Ratler.—Sold to Mr. Davy.

1832, April 12; b. c. by Kosciusko.

1833; missed to Trumpator.

8. ROSEMARY, ch. m. foaled March 4, 1823; got by Tiger; her dam Mary Bedford, No. 7.

Her produce:

1829, March 11; ch. f. Cherry Elliot, by Sumter. Sold to Mr. Duke.

1830, April 1; ch. c. Nicholas, by Sumter.

1831, April 11; ch. c. Cyrus, by Sumter.

1832, May 4; ch. c. by Waxy.—Sold to Mr. Duke.

1833, May 10; b. f. by Abdalrahman.

Now in foal to Kosciusko.

9. PEGGY STEUART, b. m. foaled April 6, 1824; got by Blackburn's Whip; her dam Mary Bedford, No. 7.

Her produce:

1828, May 11; b. c. Duke of Orleans, by Sumter. Sold for \$2000.

1829, April 23; ch. f. by Sumter. Sold for \$500, and since has died.

1830, April 2; ch. f. by Sumter.—Dead.

1831, March 6; ch. c. by Hephestion.

1832, March 10; b. f. by Kosciusko.

1833, April 27; bl. c. by Abdalrahman.

This is the finest colt she has ever produced. She is again in foal by Abdalrahman.

10. BROWNLOCK, br. m. foaled March 13, 1826; got by Tiger; her dam the Speculator mare.

Her produce:

1831, May 7; ch. g. by Childers.

1832, April 30; b. g. by Dungannon.

1833, April 12; ch. c. Bald Eclipse, by Dungannon.

Now in foal to Kosciusko.

11. MOROCCO, ch. m. (half sister to Almanzor, by Sumter;) foaled May 13, 1823; got by Tiger; her dam by imp. Archer; her grandam by imp. Daredevil.

Her produce:

1828, spring; ch. c. Little Red, by Sumter. In Missouri.

1833, March 9; ch. c. by Dungannon.

Now in foal to Kosciusko.

12. ARMINDA, br. m. foaled 1823; got by Doublehead, (who was by Lewis' Eclipse;) her dam Dux, by imp. Buzzard; her grandam by Columbus; her g. grandam by Sims' Wildair; her g. g. grandam by Mark Antony—Partner—Morton's Traveler—Jolly Roger.

Her produce:

1830, May 9; br. f. by Sumter.

1832, April 30; ch. f. by Cadmus.

1833, April 15; br. f. by Dungannon. Dead.

Now in foal to Kosciusko.

13. LADY ROWLAND, ch. m. foaled 1822; got by Tayloe's Hamlingtonian; her dam by Little Quicksilver; her grandam by old Union; her g. grandam Mayfly, by Walker's Tippoo Saib; her g. g. grandam Malinda, by Liberty—Cripple—Janus.

This mare was never trained.

Her produce:

1832, May 29; ch. f. by Dungannon. Large and fine.

1833, May 19; b. c. by Abdalrahman.

14. LAMPLIGHTRESS, ch. m. foaled 1825; got by Davis' Hamlingtonian; he by Tayloe's Hamlingtonian; her dam by Duke of Bedford; her grandam by Lamplighter, and he by old Medley.

Her produce:

1833, March 14; ch. c. by Dungannon.

Now in foal to Dungannon.

15. LAVINIA, ch. m. foaled 1826; got by Sumter; her dam by Friendship; her grandam by Raymond; her g. grandam by Walker's Tippoo Saib.

This mare has never been trained.

LAVINIA's produce.

1833, spring; ch. f. Ayescha, by Mr. Henry Clay's Arabian Stamboul. Now in foal to Kosciusko.

16. GRASSHOPPER, ch. m. (full sister to Almanzor,) foaled October 23, 1828; got by Sumter; her dam by imp. Archer; her grandam by Col. Hoomes' imp. Daredevil.

Her produce:

1833, March 28; ch. c. Felix, by Mr. Henry Clay's Arabian Stamboul. Now in foal to Kosciusko.

17. JOSEPHINE, gr. m. foaled March 6, 1827; got by the Winter Arabian; her dam Carolina, by Sir Archy.

Her produce:

1832, May 11; b. g. by Dungan-non.

1833, May 7; gr. c. by Dungan-non. Now in foal to Dungan-non.

18. LADY WASHINGTON, gr. m. (full sister to Josephine,) foaled February 22, 1828.

Her produce:

1832, April 5; ch. f. by Almanzor.

1833, May 12; gr. c. by Dungan-non.

As some of the above stock have descended from stallions whose blood has not heretofore been recorded in the Turf Register, their pedigrees are herewith subjoined.

OLD UNION, b. h. (not Hall's Union,) was purchased by Robert Chisley of Col. Thornton, of Fredericksburg, Va. about the year 1778 or 9, and was taken to St. Mary's county, Md. where he made one or more seasons, and was afterwards purchased by Joseph and William Fenwick, and taken to Kentucky, where he made many seasons, being a popular stallion. He was got by imp. Shakspeare; his dam by Nonpareil; his grandam imp. mare Pocahontas; she by the Godolphin Arabian. Union was a remarkably fine horse in appearance. There was a great show of blood. He contributed much to the improvement of the stock in Kentucky.

LITTLE QUICKSILVER, gr. h. foaled in 1797 or 8; (purchased of Samuel Davis, then of Virginia, by John and William Buford, of Kentucky;)

got by old Quicksilver, who was by old Medley. Little Quicksilver's dam was by Celer; his grandam by Sims' Wildair; his g. grandam by Mark Antony—Partner—Traveler—Jolly Roger, &c.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, b. h. (purchased of Col. Hoomes, and brought to Kentucky, by Capt. Edmund Bacon, about the year 1806 or 7; got by imp. Bedford; his dam by Voltaire; his grandam Nancy Washington, by imp. Stephen. Although it was said that he was not a racehorse, yet he proved to be one of the best breeders ever in Kentucky; and it is much desired that further information, as to his pedigree, should be procured.

TURPIN'S FLORIZEL, ch. h. (raised by William Ball, of Virginia, and by him sold to George Turpin, of Kentucky, who brought him to Kentucky in 1814 or 15;) got by Ball's Florizel; his dam by imp. Shark; his grandam by Mark Antony; his g. grandam by imp. Fearnought; his g. g. grandam by imp. Janus.

ABDALRAHMAN, iron gr., five feet two inches high; foaled spring of 1828; (bred by Joseph Downing, of Lexington, and sold by him to John Atcherson, at whose sale I purchased him;) got by Bertrand, (son of Sir Archy,) out of Favorite, by imp. Bedford; grandam old Favorite, (the dam of Betsey Ransom,) by old Diomed; g. grandam by Col. Tayloe's Bellair; g. g. grandam by Clockfast; g. g. g. grandam by Partner, out of Tasker's Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

N. B. The pedigree of his dam, Favorite, was taken from the Register of Mr. Benjamin Wyche, of Virginia, who raised her; and there appears to be a discrepancy between it and that of Betsey Ransom, as given in the Turf Register, vol. i. p. 428. This discrepancy I would be pleased to see reconciled and the error corrected. I believe the error to be in the pedigree of Betsey Ransom, as given. It should have been, that her dam was by old Diomed and her grandam by Bellair.

DOUBLEHEAD, of Kentucky, dark b. foaled in 1814 or 15; got by

Lynch and Blanton's Eclipse; (he by Diomed;) his dam by Little Juniper; (he by imp. Juniper;) grandam by Telemachus; (by Celer.) His sire, Lewis' Eclipse, was bred by Oratio Turpin, of Virginia; got by Diomed; his dam by Harris' Eclipse; his grandam by imp. Granby; his g. grandam by old Janus; his g. g. grandam Poll Flaxen, (the dam of Brimmer,) by Jolly Roger, out of imp. Mary Gray.

WM. BUFORD.

Pedigree of MONTICELLO:

Georgetown, Ken. July 5, 1833.

MR. EDITOR:

Inclosed you will receive the pedigree of Monticello, bred by Thomas Jefferson. I made it out in May last, since which time I have thought it possible that it was not correctly given, being informed that Mr. K. H. Muse says his dam was by imp. Medley. Monticello had a full sister named Miss Jefferson, (as per American Turf Register, vol. iv. p. 47;) and it appears there was a Miss Jefferson by Diomed, dam by imp. Medley; (Reality and Vanity's half sister;) see same volume, p. 427.—Were there two Miss Jeffersons by Diomed? Notwithstanding the above, I am of the opinion the pedigree I send is the true one. If you are of the same opinion, be so obliging as to give it a place in your *valuable* American Turf Register.

[We leave the reader to judge for himself.]

MONTICELLO, bred by Thomas Jefferson, was got by imp. Diomed; his dam, Priestly, was got by Chanticleer, (the best son of Wildair, and best horse of his day;) she was full sister to Magog, the sire of Virginian's dam; his grandam, Camilla, was got by Wildair, (the best son of

imp. Fearnought, by Regulus, the best son of the Godolphin Arabian;) his g. grandam, Minerva, was got by imp. Obscurity, (son of the famous English Eclipse;) his g. g. grandam, Diana, was got by Clodius, (full brother to Celer; Diana was also the g. g. grandam of Virginian; his g. g. grandam, Sally Painter, was got by Sterling, (son of the Bellsizes Arabian;) his g. g. g. grandam, Silver, was got by the Bellsizes Arabian. She was imported by William Evans, of Surry county, into Virginia; (see American Turf Register, vol. i. pp. 370 and 371—vol. iii. p. 320—vol. iv. p. 47.) Monticello was closely allied to the renowned Virginian, he having no cross that is not found in Virginian's pedigree. He was the ablest competitor at heats of four miles Potomac ever had. A. D. OFFUTT.

MULTUM IN PARVO, (bred by the Hon. Daniel Jenifer, of Maryland; foaled May 20, 1815, and died, the property of H. G. S. Key, Esq. in 1826;) by imp. Chance; dam Aurora, by Diomed; grandam by Wildair; g. grandam by Celer; g. g. grandam by Janus; g. g. g. grandam by Valiant; g. g. g. g. grandam by Jolly Roger; g. g. g. g. g. grandam an imp. mare, the property of Col. Peter Randolph, of Virginia.—[From a certificate in possession of Hon. D. Jenifer.]

YARICO, b. m. four years old, by Monsieur Tonson, out of an imp. Diomed; the Diomed out of Virginia; she by Daredevil, out of Lady Bolingbroke. Lady Bolingbroke was the dam of Lavinia, Desdemona and Wrangler—all first rate runners.

Sold July, 1833, to S. L. Gouverneur, by J. M. Selden.

CORRECTIONS.

☞ SIR ARCHY—A mistake was made as to his age. He died at twenty-eight; the age at which his sire got Duroc.

☞ MONSOON'S DAM was by *Eagle*, not by Spread Eagle, as stated in the June number, p. 543

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